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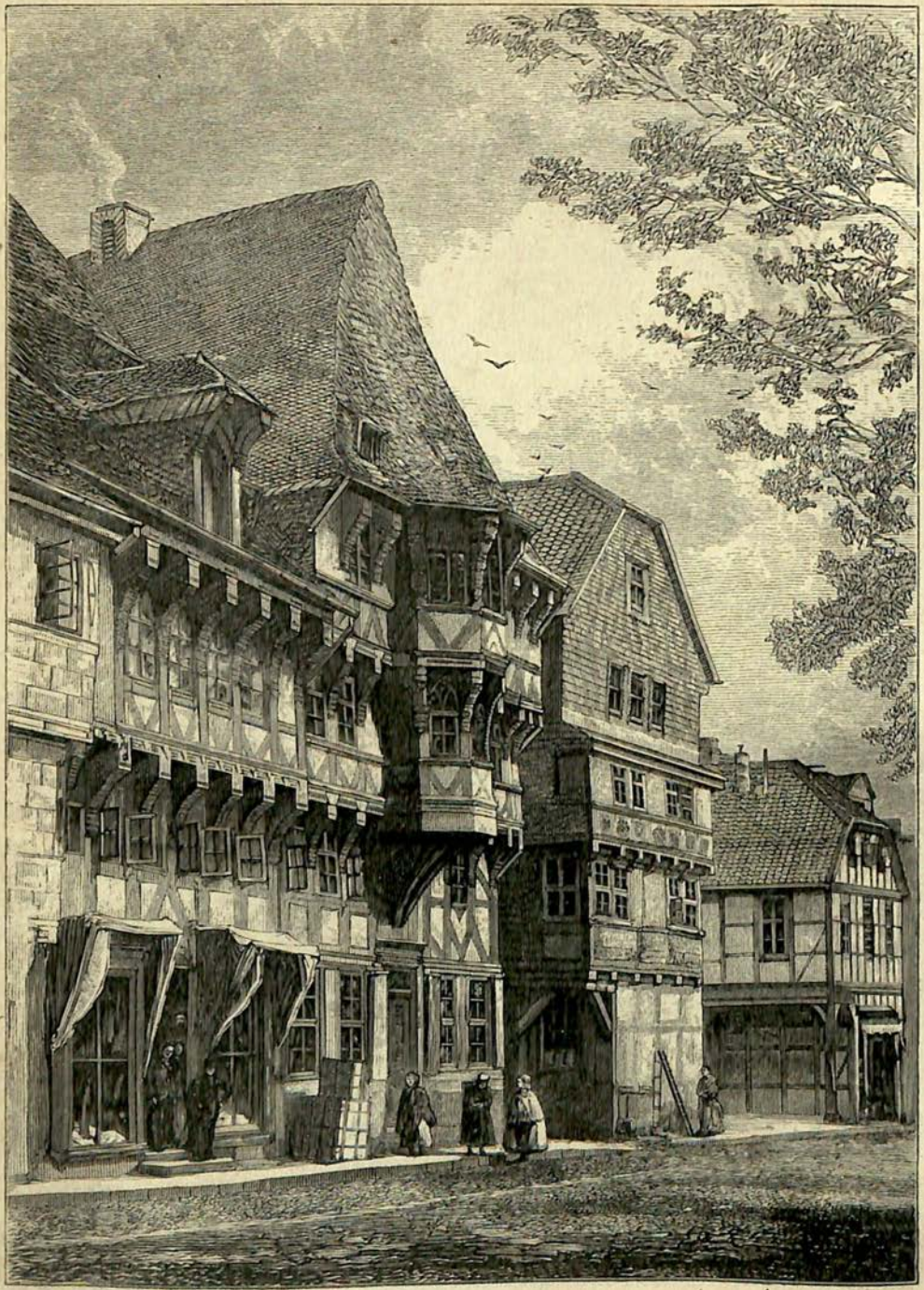

A STREET IN GOSLAR *Frontispiece.*

THE

HARZ MOUNTAINS:

A Tour in the Toy Country.

BY

HENRY BLACKBURN,

LATE EDITOR OF 'LONDON SOCIETY;'
AUTHOR OF 'LIFE IN ALGERIA,' 'TRAVELLING IN SPAIN,' 'ARTISTS AND ARABS,' 'THE PYRENEES,' 'NORMANDY PICTURESQUE,' 'ART IN THE MOUNTAINS,' ETC.

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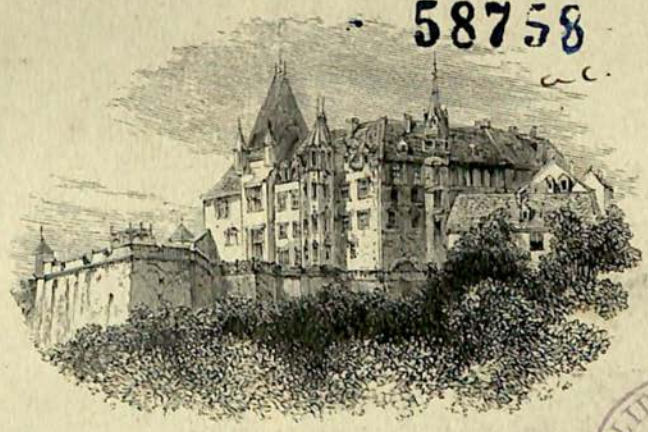

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THE HARZ MOUNTAINS.

CHAPTER I.

AT HANOVER.

IT is summer time once more in the old city of Hanover, a quiet Sunday afternoon, when all the inhabitants who are not asleep appear to be abroad. They collect in their favourite spots

under the old archways and timber eaves for shelter from the sun; they tramp the ill-paved streets to visit their friends, disappearing at sly corners and down mysterious stairs, where fountains of *lager bier* are playing in cool cellars; they crowd to the new aquarium; they walk for miles along a dusty avenue of lime-trees to the regal château of Herrenhausen, with its smooth French parterres, its trimly cut turf, its orangeries, palm-houses, and *jets d'eau*.

There is a line of carriages scarce distinguishable for clouds of dust, bringing strangers and holiday-makers to visit 'the King's Gardens,' and to see the royal stud of cream-coloured horses, the same that figure with blue trappings at English coronations and state ceremonies. We will not follow them to-day, but rather find our way to an old-fashioned, unfashionable public garden on the south side of the town, from whence we can see on one side, the

buildings of 'royal Hanover,' with its high gables reared against an almost cloudless sky, and on the other a distant line of mountains called 'the Harz.'

It is a quiet, rather deserted-looking spot, with no attempt at trimness or attractiveness—a poor dilapidated sort of 'terrasse,' or public walk, with old wooden seats, where Carl and Fritz have carved their names, and hacked about with pocket-knives, and otherwise made themselves disagreeably at home; but it is, nevertheless, the one place in Hanover to-day for quiet and rest; a place where babies, strapped in stiff cardboard packets, are brought to sleep, lovers to love, and old men to dream.

There is a circle of them here this afternoon, of the usual slumbrous type; the men and boys in blouses and ill-made, hideously-contrived black suits, almost all (both men and boys) heavy and old-looking, with screwed-up faces and com-

plexions of the colour of old ladies who have lived night and day over heated stoves. They are very characteristic in many ways, and give a good idea of the company we shall meet in our journey through the Harz Mountains. They sit in rows on the benches, they say little, and expectorate steadily into the dust. Some of them are aged and dry, and want washing terribly; they smoulder in a heap like burning weeds, and a cloud of smoke rises from them all, choking the tender leaves of the trees that once were green, and nearly smothering the caterpillars that swing down upon them from the branches. They sit, of course, *back to the view* of the mountains, and as close together as possible, a custom not peculiar to Hanover. The half-suffocated babies happily make no sign; the fat, smooth-faced nurses, with white caps and kind eyes, knit and chatter in a friendly circle, but they scarcely disturb the

quiet; they are removed from the main group of meditative Hanoverian bourgeois, and are obviously of little importance to the men.

'Unter den linden,' as we sit here to-day, let us turn our eyes southward, and scan the blue horizon. As we look we can trace a far-off sea of mountains lapping these northern shores with waves, low, smooth, and spreading east and west as far as the eye can reach, like a receding tide upon the sands. There are storms raging beyond our sight, and some mariners are tempest-tossed at this very hour; but this we realise as little as that the mountain range of the Harz was once upheaved by convulsions of nature.

But the sea on which we are about to sail, which (ages ago) broke into foam of glaciers, now bears upon its calm surface fair weather sails and 'argosies laden with golden grain.' It is a deep sea of many mysteries, legends, and

dreams—the source of inspiration of Goethe's poetry and Heine's philosophy.

'Unter den linden,' there come upon the south wind echoes of the Walpurgis nacht, and memories of the loves of Marguerite. The spirit-land of Northern Germany is before us. Poets, artists, philosophers, and the children of a thousand German homes, have fed their fancies, and moulded their ideas of life beyond cities from this little range of mountains, which we shall venture to call the 'Toy country' of Northern Germany.

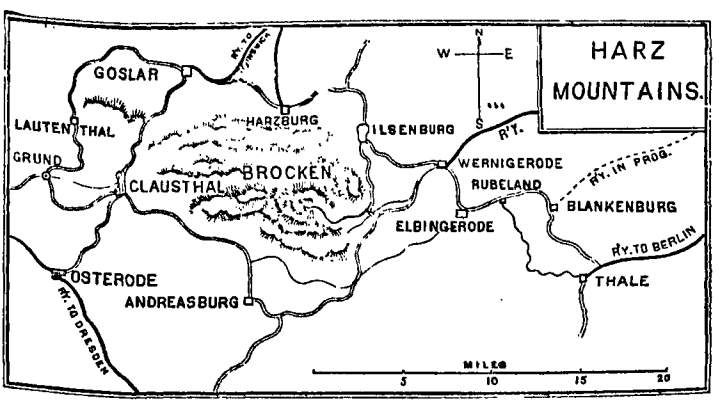
We will not dwell on the poetic associations of the Harz at the outset, but rather tell the reader what it is like to-day—what it is that attracts in such numbers the inhabitants of Bremen, Hamburg, Hanover, and Brunswick, and why the continental traveller on his way from London to Berlin or Vienna would do well to turn aside for a few days and explore a region about which

scarcely anything seems to be known. If the tourist refers to his Handbook for Northern Germany, he will there be told that it is hardly worth the while of the hunter after the picturesque who has seen other parts of Europe to go far out of his way to explore the Harz, unless he be a geologist or interested in mining operations, and he will learn that this, the most northernly range of mountains in Germany, is only about seventy miles by thirty in extent, and that its highest peak, the Brocken, is only three thousand feet above the level of the sea. The attractions of the Harz Mountains to the inhabitants of the flat countries, in the burning days of July and August, are greater than the sea breezes of their coast. The charm of mountaineering and walking on heather-covered hill-sides and wandering freely in forests of pines, is greater and more alluring than the casinos on the sea-shore. Thus it is that the capitalists of the northern towns of

Germany, especially Bremen, are popularizing the principal valleys in the Harz, constructing railways and hotels, and turning little villages into prosperous summer towns. The crowded inhabitants of the old streets of Bremen and Leipsic, where children live like caged birds for nine months in the year, fly with natural instinct to trees and woods, to freedom and fresh air, to see in real life the little red and white houses, the stiff pine-trees, the flat-sided sheep, the spotted cows, the herdsmen in brown and green 'Noah's ark' coats, and the formal procession of pigs, goats, and sheep, that they played with in babyhood. The process is now made easy enough for all classes. A cheap 'through' ticket can be taken from Bremen to Harzburg, and the journey is accomplished in about six hours.

What there is to see in the Harz Mountains, and how the holiday-makers beguile their summer days, the tourist who is hurrying to Dresden,

where the lovely Madonna del Sisti will greet his delighted eyes, or to Vienna, where the world's fair of 1873 will open before him, may see for himself in less than a week, by following the route indicated below, or gather even more quickly from these pages.



CHAPTER II.

GOSLAR.

LEAVING Hanover, with its dirty streets and sunburnt walls, with its old palaces covered with Prussian *affiches*, we take the railway to Brunswick and so on southwards to the Harz Mountains. The railway station and its surroundings are so modern and prosaic, and the shrieking of the engines so incessant, that we might fancy ourselves at Lyons or Manchester, were it not for the carriages which are still stamped with a royal crown,

and for the unmistakably German faces in the crowd.

From modernised Hanover we pass eastward to old-fashioned Brunswick, almost as easily as an inhabitant of London goes from the fashionable western square of Hanover to the dingy little square of Brunswick. With a glimpse of its old gables and streets, which we shall pass through on our homeward journey, we are soon again in the open country, winding through cornfields, past formal little villages with houses of the familiar toy pattern and little wooden children standing bareheaded in the sunshine. We spend several hours unnecessarily at wayside stations, whilst the conductors of the express train consume innumerable flagons of beer and sit down to smoke with the station-masters in a sort of midday dream.

One of these long delays is at the little station of Vienenburg, a junction between two lines of

railway, one to Harzburg, the other to Goslar. Thus we can consult our guide-books leisurely, and decide as to which of the two towns we shall visit first. Turning to the last edition of 'Murray' the information is not inspiring. Harzburg is described as consisting of 'a few scattered houses at the foot of the mountains,' and Goslar as 'a dull, deserted-looking provincial town.' Every other guide-book, both English and German, recommends us to stay at Harzburg, and our fellow-travellers re-echo the same opinion. It need scarcely be said that this decides us in favour of Goslar; and in another hour after leaving Vienenburg we find ourselves gradually ascending the mountain slopes that hide the city from our view. A glance backwards towards the plains, and we can discern the distant cities of Brunswick and Hanover glistening in the sunlight; a glance forward and upward, and we find ourselves winding round and under the walls of

a great city. There are watch-towers above our heads, and the 'cutting' through which the train passes is in reality the old castle-moat.

The distance we have come from Brunswick by the mail train is twenty-seven miles, and the time occupied on the journey has been four hours. But the transition is rapid enough, and the contrast between the old and the new is both sudden and striking. On one side, as we approach this old imperial city, are the watch-towers, where warriors with bows and arrows stood guard over its treasures 800 years ago; on the other side the railway signalman of 1873. Above our heads there is a round tower, with walls twenty feet thick; and from its turrets we can see a pretty little Rebecca in 'Dolly Varden' attire, waving her handkerchief as a welcome to the new arrivals, who are soon settled in a new and comfortable inn built of wood in the châlet style and communicating by a passage with Rebecca's tower.

But GOSLAR, this strange old town set on the slopes of beautiful hills;—whoever heard of it before, excepting as 'the head-quarters of a mining district—bleak, dull, and uninteresting'? Have we not made a discovery here of a new world of interest? What is its history—to compass in a few words eight centuries of time? A city rich, flourishing, and powerful, with imperial rights and dignities, once the residence of emperors and the seat of the German Diet. The source of almost unbounded wealth in its gold and silver mines, guarded from its watch-towers by trained bands of warriors day and night. A city not only planned and fortified with wonderful knowledge of the science of defence, but set upon a line of hills with such admirable design, spreading gently downwards on the river Gose, that it must also have been a delightful place of residence in imperial days.

A pause of five hundred years, and the old

Romanesque buildings—which are still traceable here and there, such as the *Domcapelle*, a relic of the Imperial Dom erected by Conrad II. in the year 916—are swept away, and a new element of life makes its mark in Goslar, a period of commercial prosperity succeeds the more romantic and warlike; the arms and insignia of an imperial city are thrust aside, and guilds and corporations erect town-halls, warehouses, and massive high-gabled beer breweries. The Gothic Kaiserswerth (now turned into an hotel) standing in the central square gives in itself a new character to the city, and bows and arrows give place to more peaceful weapons. A new city is built, so to speak, within the walls of the old; new customs and new sciences are introduced, manufactures are encouraged, and the art of mining and smelting—the source of wealth, the very *raison d'être*, it may be said, of Goslar—is carried to such perfection that the world, and the world's wealth,

flocks hither from all parts of Germany. Schools of mining are established, geological experiments of great scientific importance are carried on, and the little river Gose, which once flowed widely through the town, has its tributaries diverted for mining purposes, and dwindles almost out of sight.

Three hundred years more, and the city is asleep. Its population has greatly decreased: its mining operations are no longer the world's wonder, its halls are turned into granaries, the walls of its old beer breweries totter and fall, the wooden gables lean, the carved woodwork on its doorways becomes defaced, and there is silence in its streets.

'Why is it asleep?' is the natural question of a visitor seeing it for the first time in 1873, and why should such a grand old city remain untenanted?

Cross the moat where we entered by the rail-

way, ascend a foot-path for five minutes to a little raised plot of ground on one of the public walks, and turn to look on the city. The situation reminds us at once of the view of Florence from the slopes near the convent of Santa Maria, and the variety and beauty of the city, with its towers and gables, its mellowed, tiled roofs, interspersed here and there with grey slate, its groves of chestnut-trees, its walks for miles on the ramparts, its background of purple mountains, and the freshness, airiness and healthiness of the site, strike a stranger with suggestive thoughts. What is to become of Goslar? Will it, because trade has for the time been diverted into other channels, disappear slowly from the map of Europe: or will it become once more a populous and thriving town? Forty thousand people living in Goslar in barbaric days, and now only nine thousand. A city dwindling away for want of being known, in

these days of enterprise and railway communication!

Let us endeavour to sketch its modern aspect, and the welcome it can give to strangers. We spoke of a 'comfortable inn:' there is *no very good* inn in the Harz Mountains, unless we except those at Thale and Wernigerode. But there is plain, and generally clean, German accommodation; there are always ridiculous little beds, and food which the mountain air renders more than tolerable. Herr Paul, at the inn near the railway-station, is an attentive host, who speaks English, and is adapting himself to English habits and customs as far as he has opportunities of observing them. The *Kaiserswerth* in the market-place is the principal inn,—a picturesque old building of the fifteenth century, adorned exteriorly with statues of former emperors; and there are several others in the town. The streets are roughly paved, and some not too

clean; but the old houses with their carved frontages and high-pitched gables fringed with ornaments and decorated with grotesque figures, the creepers growing over the closed lattices, the solid brass door-knockers in the likeness of mermaids, satyrs, dolphins, dragons, and griffins, the deep rich colour of the time-stained wood, and the peep of the hills at the ends of the streets, lead the visitor on and on, over innumerable and wearying cobble-stones.

To see what are called the 'show-places' in the town, the visitor will probably do best to take a human guide, and give himself up to

his care for one day. He will then see in detail what we can only indicate here, the relics of a wonderful tenth-century city. He will be shown the remains of the Imperial *Dom*, and what is said to be a votive altar of the early Saxons; and what is more interesting, because more authentic, the walls of the ancient Kaiserhaus, erected by the Emperor Henry III. in 1059. Its style is Romanesque, and its proportions and situation make many similar buildings of a later date look mean and poor. It is true that we can repeat the best lines in architecture that are the 'monopoly of past ages,' but we miss almost always the simple grandeur and fitness which is the stamp of ancient work. There are parts of this building, now used as a granary and piled up with rubbish, which are full of suggestion and worthy of examination, we venture to think, by any architect who comes this way; such, for instance, as the

arrangement of the windows so as to command the best views and the finest air.

In the Rathhaus, on one side of the market-place, there is an elaborately wrought silver tankard of the fourteenth century, with figures and implements in high relief, the expressions on the faces of the figures being wonderfully worked on a small scale. In this and in some specimens of early stained glass, we are again reminded of the 'lost arts' of which we have lately heard so much. If not 'lost,' these things are certainly fading before our eyes.

The relics in Goslar are not, however, its principal attraction. The visitor will be more struck by the picturesque aspects of its streets the variety and grandeur in design of its granaries and dwelling-houses, built of wood and stone, with dark wooden gables and lattices, and massive timbers, sharp in outline and well-pre-

served where the stone and brick foundations are crumbling away. The ornamentations of the exteriors of the houses should not be overlooked, nor the patterns in the wood carving of the interiors. Here and there we may see, as in Moorish work, the conventional forms of flowers and plants introduced in ornament in the most natural way. Just above our heads, on the front of a small dwelling-house, the ripe fruit and leaves of the Indian corn are carved in scrolls as a fringe to the gables; and grapes and flowers are modelled on the panels. Artists might settle down in Goslar with a summer's work before them of the rarest kind; for, happily for those who are yet to come, Goslar is still almost unknown.

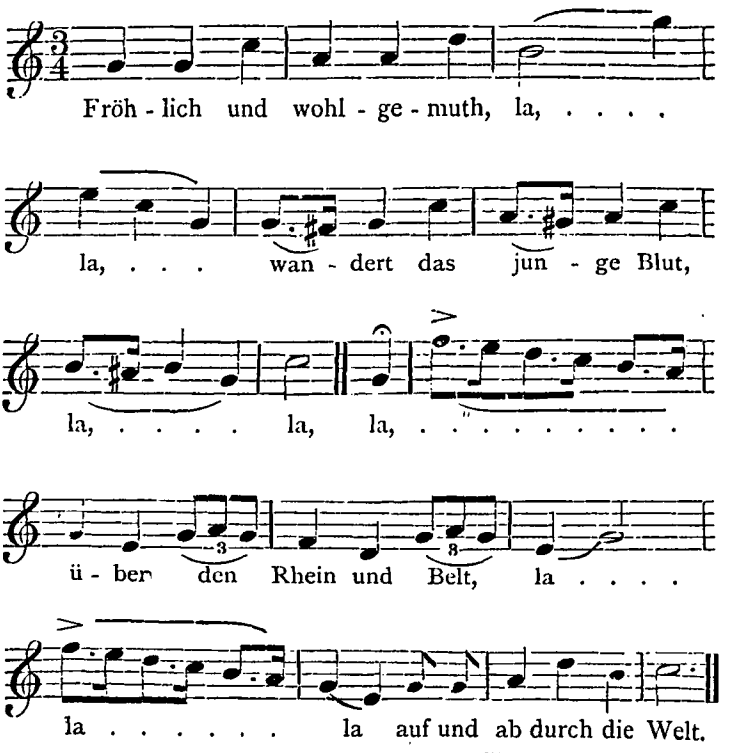
We meet plenty of artists, and, of course photographers, in the Harz Mountains; but they all go to the same view, the same mountain, and the same fashionable waterfall. Would that Herr

Schmidt, that most popular and successful painter of domestic interiors and home life of 'Vaterland,'—who manufactures a picture a day in the suburbs of Dresden, and draws his inspiration from the Masters whose works are ready to his hand,—could sometimes see and study these things! Would that he could stand at the doorway of an old chapel in a street in the middle of the town, a building now turned into a home for sixty old women, and see *this* interior!—a high vaulted chamber, with the light streaming in from above, striking on the figure of an old woman plying the distaff, as she had learned in her childhood; two other women seated in half-light against the wall; all the colour concentrated by accident on the bronzed face of the old woman spinning, and on her white cap and coloured shawl, the light glancing from her figure on to the side wall, leaving the background in darkness. A creeper trails round the

door, and is swayed, like the grey locks of the old woman, with a gust of mountain breeze. Here is an interior worthy of Edouard Frère or Gerard Dow.

Turn away and look down the street, and see a young girl coming towards us, singing one of those Harz ballads which we hear so often on our travels in the woods, sometimes, apparently, close to our ear, when no one is within sight. What is it that gives her this bright, happy face and cheerful aspect—what is her occupation? She is carrying a panier on her back, full of wood of enormous weight. She is knitting, and leading by a string an unfortunate dog, who drags over the rough stones a wooden truck, full of earthenware goods for sale. The girl is not sixteen, she is poorly clad and is without stockings, and her clumsy wooden shoes seem to impede rather than to protect her. She is well and happy; that is her whole secret, and she little

heeds the knowledge that at twenty-five she will be a worn-looking old woman, and at fifty, perhaps, in an almshouse. Look at her, Herr Schmidt, as a rare subject for a picture—a picture that the revolution in the life and manners which we are predicting for Goslar must soon extinguish,—a life which the polished world loves to see in paintings on its walls, but seldom to approach. She stops singing, and stands still to stare at the strangers; the dog lies down on the stones and pants in the sunshine; and two little bare-headed children, in blue blouses, fill up the fore-ground. Behind them there is a long perspective of old gables, and in the far distance, trees, blue hills, and white feathery clouds.

At the request of the strangers, she goes on with her song thus:—

Pictures like these, in the heart of a great city at ten o'clock in the morning (a city only twenty-seven miles south of Brunswick and within thirty-six hours of London or Paris by railway) must soon disappear from sight,

and our children will have to depend for such scenes upon the works of Herr Schmidt and his followers.

But ancient Goslar has already a fashionable life of its own, and affects, to some extent, the manners of to-day. It does not attempt to compete with Harzburg or the more modern watering-places of Blankenburg or Wernigerode; but it *is* a watering-place, and it has its own particular promenade. Let us come this afternoon and see 'life in Goslar,' or, in other words, the 'procession of the sick.' The figures are pilgrims, that have come from far and wide to combine the attractions of a holiday with the benefits of a wonderful 'cure' for which the town has long been celebrated. The promenades and walks on the ramparts, lined with trees, are crowded at certain periods of the day with valetudinarians, who are going through a prescribed course of getting up early, taking regular exer-

cises, attending strictly to their diet, and generally undoing what they have been steadily doing since their last visit. The fine air and regular habits which are strictly enforced have the natural, beneficial effect on the majority; but there are some who require stronger measures, and whose regimen consists in drinking daily several quarts of a dark mixture having the appearance, taste, and effect of taraxacum, or senna. The bottles of this liquid are supplied to the patients at the public gardens and little *cafés*, situated at convenient distances in the suburbs of Goslar. The usual time prescribed by the physician under whose control the gardens are managed is about a fortnight for each patient, who takes two or three bottles a day. It is a serious business with some of them; but they generally put a good face on the matter, so that a stranger to the place would merely regard them as holiday-makers of a rather dilapidated and eccentric type. We have

DRINKING THE WATERS AT GOSLAR

sketched the scene at one of these gardens about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the conviviality is at its height.

Amongst the antiquities of Goslar we must not omit to speak of the mines. About a mile up the valley, in a southward direction, there is a mine that has been *worked for at least eight centuries*, yielding 'gold and silver, copper, lead, zinc, sulphur, vitriol, and alum.' We repeat the catalogue of minerals as given to strangers who visit the Rammelsberg mine. At the present time there is little activity, as the yield hardly pays the expense of working. The antiquity of this mine, and the extent of its underground galleries in different directions will repay the trouble of exploring it, and explain to the visitor, better than any description, the vast mineral resources of this district, and the *raison d'être* of Goslar itself as a flourishing city in ancient days.

There is more activity in mining operations at

Clausthal and in other parts of the Harz, but new life has lately been infused into this district by the development of the slate quarries. Within a few miles of Goslar, there are beds of slate, extending for some miles in a series of low parallel ridges covered with pines. The slate, it is said, is excellent to within a few feet of the surface, and the facilities for working apparently much greater than in the quarries of Wales: nevertheless, the attempts to work it have been of the rudest kind, a circumstance which appears extraordinary when we remember that the sister arts of mining and smelting have been carried to the greatest perfection in the Harz Mountains.

There was a curious scene, one afternoon in the summer of 1872, which we have shown in our illustration, at the entrance to the Frankenberg slate quarry, where Welsh quarrymen are introducing the British spade for the first time to the German workmen. It was a rude shock, espe-

SLATE-QUARRYING IN THE HARZ.

cially to the elder men, to be compelled to discard the implements they had used for half a lifetime; but the saving of time and labour with the new tools was so obvious that in a short time they were reconciled, and were to be seen, both men and women, in different parts of the quarry, working with spades held left-handed, with both hands as far as possible from the blade. The old system of quarrying in this district is worth noting, as it will soon be matter of history. When a workman had to excavate in ground, either hard or soft, close or loose, he first went to work with a single-pointed 'pick,' then scraped the loosened earth together with a half-moon shaped hoe into a wooden platter about 18 inches long; he then threw down the hoe, and with both hands lifted the earth into a little barrow, and sat down to smoke whilst his daughter wheeled it away. Whenever anything like a spade was used, it consisted of a long curved-handled implement, with

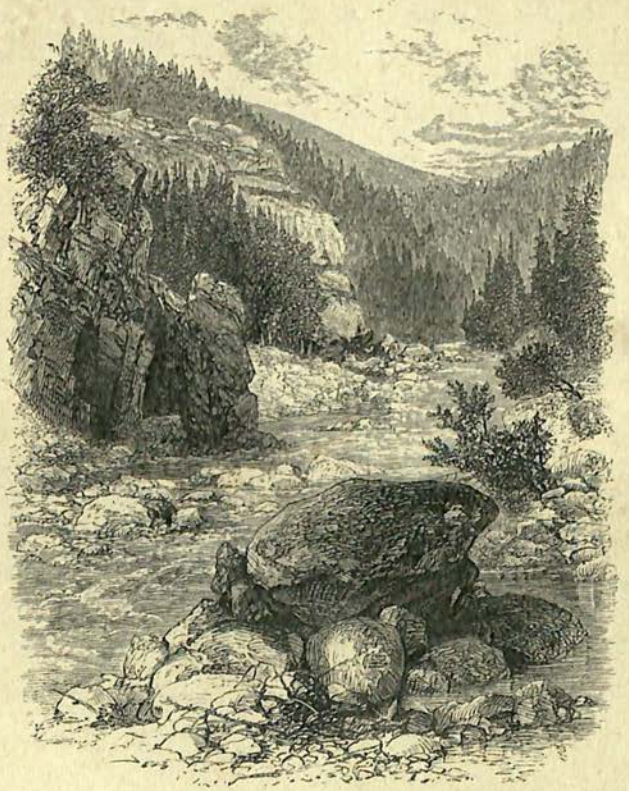
oval spoon-shaped blade about the size of a dessert plate. This the workman used left-handed, with as much waste of power and as little result as possible. Thus with grievous waste and mismanagement, want of enterprise, and also, it would appear, want of capital, the treasures in slate in this part of Germany are practically undeveloped, whilst the builders of Berlin and other cities of Germany send to Wales for their supplies.

Looking down upon Goslar, as we descend from the quarries, at the red-tiled roofs of the houses, interspersed here and there with trees, at the grey towers and slate roofs, in the distance,—the latter shedding a purple bloom over the city, which is 'carried out,' if we may use an artist's expression, by the colour of the heath-covered hills, with the red earth peeping out here and there, deepening in colour and apparent brightness on the upper ridges against the sky—we cannot wish for

anything more harmonious or charming to the eye; and we do not quite share the enthusiasm of the Welsh quarrymen, who talk exultingly of the day when 'them clumsy things' (the tiles) will be done away with, when modern enterprise will roof all the houses with slates and throw a cold shade over the city. Hans Andersen complains of the dull appearance of Goslar on account of the slate roofs, but at the present time half the houses are tiled; and he goes on to speak of 'the air being singularly oppressive from the fumes of the mines.' Here surely there must be some error, for with the pure mountain air blowing freshly on our faces, with a feeling of exhilaration and health such as we have only experienced in Switzerland, we should rather describe it as one of the healthiest and airiest spots in Europe.

At Oker, a small mining village a few miles from Goslar, which we pass on our way to one

of the prettiest valleys in the Harz, which we have sketched below, the air is laden with smoke



THE VALLEY OF THE OKER.

and unpleasant vapours; and at the most fashion-

able watering-places we shall often find ourselves enclosed in a narrow valley, with the mountains on either side covered with trees to their bases, where on calm days the air has no means of escape; such as Thale, which lies in a *cul de sac*, the chimneys of the smelting works filling the valley with their fumes.

The day we leave Goslar is a 'Fest' to commemorate a victory over the French in the late war; the streets of the town are decorated with banners, and from the round tower annexed to our hotel guns are fired at intervals to celebrate the day. The people are all promenading, and from the tower we can trace them for miles on the ramparts which encircle the town. There are some of the invalids already spoken of, and there is a contingent of fashion from Harzburg which has come over to Goslar for the day; there are the latest toilettes, the most fashionable limp, and the

highest heels. Little ladies in drab or sage-green costumes, youthful dandies in suits of brown holland, Black Brunswickers, Prussian cadets, and French poodles—the butterfly life of 1872 flitting around these mediæval walls. On a hill-side near our tower, where we stroll to take our last look at Goslar, they are seated on the grass in gay parties, and sing national and war-like songs.

There is a picnic party near us, but they disperse, as nearly every living thing in this country seems to do, two and two together; they stray away through the trees, all but two, Fritz and Gretchen, who are left alone to talk of—war. Oh! these boy heroes, in blue and silver, with their medals and honours, how they captivate their lovers with tales of war! Look at those eyes glistening with interest, the hands clasped convulsively, the colour coming and going in little Gretchen's face as she listens to

the oft-told tale of France humiliated and Fritz victorious!

Thus our last impression, like the first, is of a violent collision between the old time and the new. Event follows event with bewildering speed; here, under the battlements of a city eight hundred years old, the siege of Paris in 1871 has become already a matter of history, and the warrior of Sedan reposing upon his laurels in a beer garden at Goslar, is the real hero of the hour.

CHAPTER III.

HARZBURG.

THE situation of Harzburg, at the head of a little valley, closed in on either side by woods, will remind the traveller of the watering-places of the Pyrenees. It is in a *cul de sac*, from which there is no easy escape, excepting by returning northwards into the plains.

As we drive up the valley, past the railway terminus, we pass a long line of scattered cottages of the peasants before reaching the new and fashionable Harzburg, the growth of the last few years. The road is wide and smooth as we leave the old village behind us; on either side are large hotels, outdoor cafés, and private park-like villas, with prettily laid out gardens. Through the gates of one of these gardens the driver turns, and stops at the verandah of a large, noisy hotel.

The *Juliushalle* is so celebrated for its (German) comforts, and its admirable cuisine, and is so popular as a boarding house and bathing establishment, that it is seldom, during the height of the season, that chance wayfarers can be accommodated. It is a large rambling, booth-like building, with a strong sense of cooking and good living pervading it; an odour which, combined with tobacco, clings to the

valley on a summer's night, and quite overwhelms the scent of the pines.

It is evening when we stroll up the valley, and the peasants are returning from the mountains; cattle, sheep, pigs, goats and geese line the roads, and the people all stop to stare as usual. We have only been in the mountains a few days, but these figures and the lines of fir-trees above our heads seems strangely familiar. Where have we seen these grave peasants in long coats, these wooden-faced women with baskets on their backs, these spotted cows, flatsided pigs and uniform geese? Where, these formal-looking houses, rows of stiff-looking trees, white staring dogs, and grave fat-faced children? It is the child's box of German toys, suddenly opened and turned out before us; the strange impression produced upon a child—who shall say how many years ago—reproduced in life before our eyes! Here are all the living materials for

A VILLAGE IN THE TOY COUNTRY

'Noah's arks' and 'Christmas trees.' Noah with his long brown coat in stiff wooden folds, and his hat and stick, as presented to us in childhood; his wife and family in red, brown, and buff, standing staring vacantly in a row; the shepherd with his horn and gigantic crook, painted green; cows and pigs walking home two by two or lying flat upon the ground, like little toys thrown down. Under the trees, as the sun goes down, the 'Christmas tree' is lighted up, and the figures that move before us only want packing up and selling at two sous each, at a child's bazaar.

We have called the Harz Mountains the 'Toy country' of Northern Germany, because it is suggestive at every turn of toys and children. Every mountain we shall ascend is covered with rows of those stiff-looking trees, which are carved in wood by children in the Black Forest and the towns of Germany. Every hill-side is a

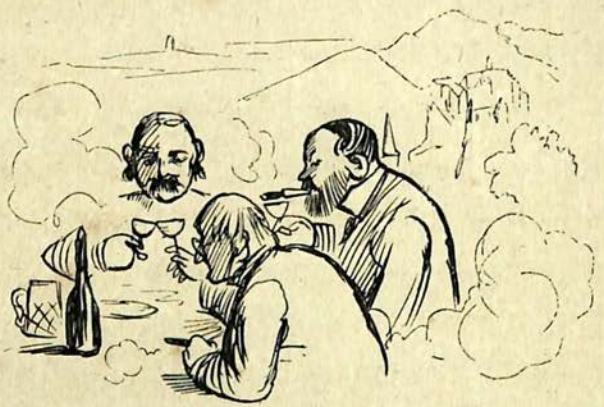
plantation, hence their formality, and there are complete forests of fir-trees of all sizes, according to the year of growth. The effect is curious on a mountain walk, when after threading a pathway with Lilliput footsteps, through a forest of enormous pines, you suddenly come to a nursery of little trees, a miniature forest on which you look down like Brobdignag, and step at one stride over a mountainette, covered with a hundred trees; and so on through the entire tour of the Harz, but we must not anticipate.

There are clouds at the head of the valley, next morning, and behind the clouds it is raining on the Brocken; but the sun is so hot by ten o'clock, that we are glad to get out of the valley and walk up through the woods, which we enter by a wicket-gate, nearly opposite to the *Juliushalle*, to the 'Burgberg' or castle-hill, just above the town. In about a quarter of an hour, we are surprised to find ourselves at the summit.

There are the ruins of a fortress on this eminence, and there is, says Baedeker, a 'small but comfortable hotel on the Burgberg, affording a fine view. A flag hoisted in summer indicates that rooms are still disengaged. Guides, carriages and donkeys can be hired at Harzburg. The ascent takes forty minutes.' This announcement brings numerous excursionists from Brunswick every Sunday, who accomplish the feat in one day, returning to Brunswick at night. The day is spent as many Londoners spend their Sundays at Brighton or Rosherville Gardens,—in a rush to the railway station, in crowded cars, on donkeys, in dining and having tea in little arbours with caterpillars and earwigs overhead, in strolling about affectionately at dusk, and in returning at night with noisy vocal accompaniments.

But it is a good day's 'outing' in every sense of the word, and we have no right to

complain, if at the top of the Burgberg, the visitors immediately rush to the 'Spies-saal,' or sit down for refreshment, with their backs towards the view which they have come so far to see.



We shall become accustomed to these things on our tour in the Harz, as well as to the extraordinary subjects discussed on such occasions, to the clouds of tobacco smoke, and to the foams of innumerable flagons of beer.

Whether it is worth while for anyone to walk up to this noisy little beer garden, where the shouts

of waiters and the clink of glasses drown every other sound, we will not say. The walk through the woods gives us beautiful peeps of the valley, and we see as on a map beneath us the châlets and gardens that are rising in every direction, and covering every available plot of ground. From the top the view is much impeded by the masses of fir-trees; but we obtain a good idea of the formation of the valley, and in clear weather see the distant peaks and slopes of the Upper Harz.

Under the long verandah of the *Juliushalle* we have ample opportunity for sketching the motley throng which this little toy village has brought together. There is contrast and variety enough in the group before our eyes. Standing in the sun with 'shining morning face,' her light hair tightly braided, her handkerchief tied over her head, with the stolid face and fixed wooden stare that we know so well, there is little Mathilde,

with her basket of white alpine roses for sale. She is generally welcome, and disposes of her bouquets quickly enough. But she has no more tact than the rest of her race, and is sometimes decidedly *de trop*.

In her round this morning through the café she has disturbed a philosopher at the wrong moment, and is the innocent subject of excited anathemas. The scene is worth recording for the curious contrast of the two figures—the violence of the Professor, and the stolidity of the girl; whilst, underlying the irritability of the one and the immobility of the other, there is a chord of sympathy and a mutual understanding, which we as foreigners may not penetrate. If we were not accustomed to such scenes, we should be surprised to find them all together in the afternoon on the common

'round-about' of the country; the Professor astride of a wooden horse, and little Mathilde and a baby in a basket-chair, whirling round and round under the dusty trees to the sound of a hand-organ, the ringing of bells, and the shouting of children.

There is certainly a good understanding and air of unrestraint amongst the men, which seems peculiar to this hotel life in the mountains. Professors from Berlin, bookworms from Leipsic, rich merchants and traders from Bremen and Hamburg, the men who have 'invented' Harzburg (as Alexandre Dumas invented Trouville), who have cut down the neighbouring woods, smoothed natural rocks and pastures into terraces and gardens, and pulled down old wooden houses to build 'châteaux' of the prettiest toy patterns.

The almost universal topic of conversation is the improvement of Harzburg, and the subject

is interesting to us because it is obvious that there will soon be nothing left to improve. Up the valley, as far as there is any comparatively level ground, or 'breathing room' (as English people call it), the trees have been cleared away, and the land laid out for building. The two 'proprietaires' from Bremen, who have been

chatting over their cigars on the charms of Harzburg, and explaining to the English visitors that there are great attractions here for members of the Alpine Club, now take their leave of us, and of each other. They will meet again about every hour during the day, especially at the brine springs (for drinking the medicinal waters is the important part of the day), and they will walk together on the after-

noon promenade, and discover some new distraction for the improvement of Harzburg.

And what of the ladies that crowd these watering-places, who are sitting about in the rooms leading on to the gardens and into the summer-houses, reading and chatting over their worsted work? The younger ones are of the fashionable colourless type, which we all know well. They have evidently plenty of money and have put themselves into the hands of a *modiste* from Berlin, they have put on whatever they have been told, regardless of whether the colour suits them, or whether the shape of their dresses should be worn by short people or tall, stout or slight. Thus their individuality is gone; they are all to one pattern, in different colours, like machine-made toys; the only vestige of nature is in their almost expressionless faces, in the blue of their large eyes, and in the glimpses of wonderfully fair hair. What is to be said,

what description can we give, from such meagre details? The artist is at a disadvantage in every respect; for these dresses have been made so beautifully, and packed so carefully, that they do not even fall into natural folds, or give the slightest expression or character to the wearer. Moreover these young girls can neither walk erect, nor show any grace of motion.

Velasquez was a court painter, and struggled manfully with the stiff-hooped dresses of his time, giving wondrous individuality to the hands of most of his portraits; Murillo had easier work in painting picturesque rags and limbs of beggar boys. Were a great painter in Harzburg to-day, he would find little work to his hand. One head only in all this assembly stands out with marked character and individuality; it is unfashionable and prosaic, but not uninteresting. There is a concert of young people just commenced in the inner room, and a lady who has

been working near us stops to listen; we note it rapidly in this sketch, but it is worthy the pencil of Holbein.

We are reminded of the old masters, strange to say it, by Fashion herself, who has arrayed these ladies, regardless of expense and of effect, in the brown tints of Murillo and the green of Paul Veronese. It is the latest freak or folly, but the very soberness of the tints is a hopeful sign.

If we are led to speak of the fashionable people in Harzburg, it is because there is little else to describe. The natives of the old town are always busy in summer, on the hill-sides charcoal burning, or tending their flocks on the grassy slopes that we can see above us. The plantations are set so thickly, and are so strictly

kept, that the inhabitants are generally obliged to keep to the walks made for visitors on their way up. There is no such thing as rambling about until you get above the valley, where on the western side there are forests of oak and beech trees, with beautiful views of the plains to be obtained at intervals between the trees. This is the real charm of Harzburg, and absolutely all there is to do.

There is solitude enough for the pedestrian in these forests, and there is a Doresque grandeur of effect in some of the dark recesses of the pines; but there is a sameness and uniformity about the plantations which will bring the 'Toy country' perpetually to his mind, and he will be stopped at intervals by an iron railing, or at a wicket gate, where there is a notice board, informing him that these forests are government property, and must not be trespassed upon.

In the lower town there is little to interest a

visitor. There is a road nearly a mile long leading from the railway station, lined with modern summer-houses, chiefly of wood, built amongst the peasants' houses, and giving it a straggling uninteresting appearance. Harzburg is in fact nothing more than a gigantic boarding-house, and, *par excellence*, the children's summer play-ground.

But it must be seen in fine weather, for on wet days its aspect is deplorable. On fine afternoons, in every house and garden, you will find the German baby, either half suffocated in its little bed on wheels, or strapped tightly in a bundle, for convenience of transport.

This method of carrying babies on the left arm, in a shawl or mantle, which is *wound round both nurse and child*, is a curious and, perhaps, useful fashion, and not more stifling to the object than their other customs. They bring these babies out in the chrysalis stage, unroll

them in the sun, and thus, in a few years, produce the brilliant Harz butterfly that flits through these valleys, often, we regret to observe, with powder on its wings—like its insect prototype.

There are older children playing about, and on the promenades and gardens there are nurses innumerable, but we miss the white caps and trim appearance of French and Swiss servants; and there is, after all, a heavy, and rather slovenly look about these German holiday-makers, old and young, that no amount of bright landscape, sunshine and blue sky seems to enliven.

Under the trees at the head of the valley there are at least three hundred people this afternoon, the majority crowded together on a promenade between two rows of stalls for the sale of trinkets, photographs, and the like; there are plenty of dingy wooden tables and seats, and there is plenty of beer. A few stray up the paths through the

park-like forests, on their way to the mineral springs; but the majority keep to one spot, on which every vestige of grass is worn away. A brass band plays in the afternoon, and there is an attempt at an open air concert sometimes; but the general aspect of the crowd is not gay nor lively, and there is little that may be called pretty or attractive in the scene. There is an absence of colour and vivacity in a German holiday crowd, which nothing but the old charm of costume could make attractive. Here the dark mass of humanity makes a huge blot at the base of the mountains, and the evening sun that slants upon the great pine-stems with a golden light, scarcely illumines the gloomy part of the crowd, but it strikes here and there with startling effect. There is a woman in full Pyrenean costume coming down a path, with white sleeves, red bodice, and bright orange-coloured handkerchief round her head, that lights

up the landscape for a minute, and gives us an idea of how gay the valley might become if only a few white caps were sprinkled about, and there is an affectionate couple at a table in the foreground whose heads just catch the light, for they are in an open spot and their heads are very close together; it glows on the man's wooden pipe cut into the likeness of a face, with the natural bark hanging down like a beard, and on the hat of the girl, which is decorated with a kingfisher's plume.

In a few minutes the day changes suddenly, the clouds sweep down from the mountains, and mingle with the smoke of a hundred human fires; they close over us in the narrow valley, and shut down our box of toys for the night.

CHAPTER IV.

BROCKEN.

FROM the pretty mountain village of Ilsenberg, with its iron foundries in the midst of clustering trees, its trout-streams and villas on the lake, it is a delightful walk of about seven miles to the top of the Brocken, the actual ascent being less than 2000 feet. There is a carriage-road by a longer and less interesting route to the inn at the Brocken, where we shall meet some of our friends who have driven direct from Harzburg; and this road the pedestrian is obliged to follow for some

distance: but the walk is altogether beautiful, through woods, by waterfalls, and under the shadow of great rocks, until the upper and more alpine region is reached. We pass through open glades and pastures here and there, then into a thick forest of pines, then out again on to the road for a while, following the windings of the Ilse. On our left hand, as we ascend, an almost perpendicular ridge of rock towers over the valley; and we pass a little sign-post, which tells us that by a digression of three-quarters of an hour we can ascend the Ilsestein. From this prominence, where an iron cross is shining in the sun, about 350 feet above our heads, there are views of scenery wilder and more grand than anything that can be imagined from below.

Continuing the ascent, which changes every moment from rocks and streams to the quiet and solitude of the dark pines and firs—now walking on a carpet of living moss or dead fir-

cones; now coming upon a little garden of wild flowers, red, white, and blue, under our feet, with red berries, Alpine roses, and blue forget-me-nots, purple heath in the distance, and above our heads mosses and creepers growing round projecting boulders,—we come suddenly upon a little plantation of toy fir-trees, from four to six inches high, railed off like a miniature park—a nursery for forests for our great-grandchildren to walk in, when the trees above our heads are turned into the eaves and gables of towns. No one touches these plantations, which are to be seen on the mountain-side in various sizes, planted out wider year by year as they grow larger, until they spread into a living forest. This it is, as we said, that gives the formal and artificial appearance to so many of the walks in the Harz, but from which the one that we are taking is singularly free.

Here and there we come upon masses of felled

timber, and the encampments of charcoal-burners; the women hard at work as usual, with grimy faces and shawls tied over their heads, and occasionally a grim figure like the one in our sketch.

Like the old watchmen in the cities of the plain, the charcoal-burner on the mountain moves upon the scene, a grim, sombre background to the holiday life with which in summer it is surrounded. His mission is to desolate with blackness the loveliest valley, and to make hideous gaps in the forests. The 'final cause' of the little toy-forests that grow at our feet is to be bound in bundles and to be burned, and this worn, tattered figure, so old and dry, is the Nemesis. Until his own time shall come —some will say for burning—he will wander through the forest, seeking the oldest decaying timber, and stirring the forest fires. The charcoal-burners of the mountains, and the old

THE CHARCOAL BURNER. By H. Herkomer

watchmen of Brunswick that we shall glance at in the last chapter, are suggestive figures that should fill in the background to all true pictures of the Harz.

Here the holiday-making parties come face to face with some of 'the slaves of the Harz.' A young lady fresh from school in fashionable Berlin (who is riding on a pony), stares with all her eyes at a careworn woman who has seen no more summers than herself, an 'old girl' of seventeen, who has carried loads of wood since she was four, and who knows of no life but labour. Let us take a hasty sketch of one of these figures as she stands a moment by the roadside. She is a woman of not more than thirty-five, but she has the appearance of sixty. On her back she carries a load of wood, and sometimes also a baby, and she knits

as she plods along with a heavy muscular tread that tells its own tale. What is her life? From babyhood she has learnt that in the Harz the lot of woman is labour; she accepts it cheerfully, and declines, as a rule, the temptation to live in towns in domestic service. She prefers the free, hard life on the mountains, with the employment of an ordinary day labourer. Her life is in the woods in the summer, like the wild animals; and in a dark hut in the valley in the winter, with little more light or life than a dormouse. Her education is not worth speaking of, her day since she was a little child being one of drudgery from beginning to the end; the men, as we saw at Harzburg, taking the less arduous duties of the fields, marshalling droves of geese, and smoking whilst the cows and sheep roam over the pastures.

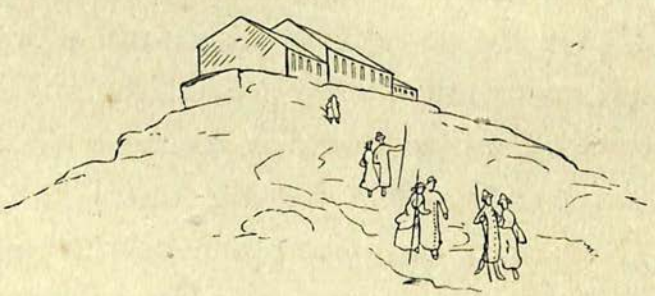
A rest for half an hour near one of these encampments, and we are again ascending, meet-

SLAVES OF THE HARZ. By R. Caldecott

ing several barefooted rather wild-looking women, who are porters coming from the Brocken. The path now leaves the stream and all traces of the road, and we enter open ground, up a steep and stony path, across heather and furze and between great blocks of granite, where there is no track visible; then into more woods, and so by an easy ascent of three hours to the top of the Brocken. The air has been crisp and keen, the sky is almost cloudless, and the aspect of the mountain during the last half hour reminds us for the first time of Switzerland. We are climbing on up the last steep ascent, strewn with enormous moss-grown boulders, which hide the view above us, and are unaware, until we are within a few yards of the inn, that we have reached the summit of the famous 'Blocksberg,' the spot haunted by witches and spectres from the earliest times.

There is a legend, quoted by Andersen, that

when the deluge blotted out man from the earth, the waters of the northern seas rose high up into Germany, and that the beautiful Ilse (from which the stream we have followed bears its name) fled with her bridegroom from the northern lands towards the Harz, where the Brocken seemed to offer them a retreat; and 'at length stood on this enormous rock, which projected far above the sea when the surrounding lands were hidden under the waves, and huts, human beings, and animals had disappeared.'



There was no need of a romantic legend to suggest to our minds, on the first sight of the

Brocken, its similitude to the Ark of Refuge, corresponding, as it does, so curiously in outline and situation to the familiar prints and toys. In short, we are in the 'Toy country' again, but this time it is Noah and his family that we see before us. There is, as our sketch will indicate, the identical form of packing-case which the religious world of all nations has vulgarised into a plaything for children. There is the host with his three sons coming out to meet us; the people walking two and two; the horses, sheep, pigs, and goats all stowed away at the great side doors. The resemblance is irresistible and more fascinating to our minds than the legends and mysteries with which German imagination has peopled this district. As we ascended from Ilsenberg, every spot of interest on the path, every weather-beaten pine, had some story of witchcraft or devilry attached to it; but the thing is overdone, and in this romantic neigh-

bourhood there is too much deviltry and blue fire. The traveller who would dwell upon the poetic fancy of Goethe, who would hear in imagination the songs of the spirit-world that haunt this lonely summit, has little chance for reverie. The atmosphere is too theatrical and forced from beginning to end, and he will be more likely to find himself, on arrival, listening by force to some holiday-making members of Gungl's band; recalling the *Faust* of the stage; or Mephistopheles descending through a trap-door in a blaze of fire.

The sun is setting upon the weather-beaten walls of our house of refuge, and shining across the distant plains, as we arrive, and we hasten at once to the northern side of the mountain, to see the view of which travellers hear so much and see so little. The sky is clear overhead, and the drifting white clouds that floated round at intervals during the day now settle down in the dark

valleys like little snow-fields and rest amongst the branches of the pines. The sun is burning upon the distant town of Halberstadt, whilst the villages beneath us are all in gloom. Before us, in the far distance, there are little specks dotted on the plains, which indicate (we are told) the towns of Brunswick and Hanover; and nearer to us, just beneath, is the valley of Harzburg and other watering-places of the Lower Harz. Turning to the south-west, the upper district, where the positions of Andreasberg and Clausthal can be just discerned through the rising mist, we see a variety of pine-covered summits in undulating line. The distant view northwards, so much spoken of, is the least interesting part, because although you may with a telescope, from a tower a few feet above the inn, 'just see Hamburg,' there is little more than a speck to be made out on the clearest day.

The beauty of the sight from the top of the

Brocken is in the ever-changing forms and colours of the clouds that travel past this promontory all day, now enveloping it a moment, then parting suddenly and opening out unexpected views; the lurid reflections that they cast on the mountains, their dark masses being fringed with light, as if the plains beneath them were being consumed with fire. There is an interval of a few minutes sometimes—a calm sunshiny half-hour it may be—when it is warm enough to sit out of doors, when the dogs and other animals are taken out to bask in the sun. There is no wind, the sky above is a deep blue, and there is nothing to indicate change, when suddenly out of the valleys the clouds come boiling upwards like a disturbed sea, and all living things have to take shelter from mist and rain. All this in the middle of a calm summer's day in July or August, suggesting to travellers what winter winds and storms must be like in this region.

Of the 'Bogie' which haunts the Brocken, the famous optical illusion which, under certain conditions of the atmosphere, reflects figures of enormous size on the clouds, we can only speak by hearsay, as it is seldom seen—sometimes but once or twice during a summer. The 'Spectre' is said to appear at sunset, or 'whenever the mists happen to ascend perpendicularly out of the valley, on the side opposite to the sun, and leave the mountain-top itself free from vapour. The shadow of the mountain is reflected against the perpendicular face of the rising vapour as it were against a gigantic wall. The inn then becomes a palace in size, and the human beings on the summit become giants.' This Spectre and the dance of witches on the eve of May Day are the two associations of the Brocken which no traveller comes away without hearing of, nor without having pointed out to him the great granite blocks, called the 'Witches' Altar,' the

'Devil's Pulpit,' and other monuments, commemorative, it is said, of the conversion of the early Saxons to Christianity. The ordinary aspect of the Brocken is described in a few words by Andersen. 'It gives me,' he says, 'an idea of a northern tumulus on a grand scale. Here stone lies piled on stone, and a strange silence rests over the whole. Not a bird twitters in the low pines; round about are white grave-flowers growing in the high moss, and stones lie in masses on the sides of the mountain-top. We were now on the top, but everything was in a mist; it began to blow, and the wind drove the clouds onward over the mountain's top as if they were flocks of sheep.' And thus it is in a few minutes with us. In less time than it takes to write these lines, the whole aspect of the mountain has changed. The clouds have come up from the valleys, and we are under a veil of mist. Here and there it has cleared for a moment, and

revealed to us the only 'Spectres of the Brocken;' we ever saw during our stay—sad, wet, and weary travellers waiting for the view. Another minute

SPECTRES OF THE BROCKEN.

and they disappear in the clouds, and the strains of Gounod's music coming from the *Brocken-haus*, and the sounds of voices and the clinking

of glasses, make us beat a retreat. The transition to the scene within is as startling as a transformation scene in a pantomime, and almost as grotesque. Here are at least sixty people crowded together—English, Americans, French, Spaniards, and Germans, the latter already hard at work on the viands which the slaves of the

Harz had brought up from the valleys on their backs. The accommodation for travellers is, of course, rough and plain, but we hardly expected to see a crowd of people sit down to a dinner of salt pork and black bread, as was the case to-day. We are so accustomed in Switzerland to find comfortable little mountain inns, after threading a lonely forest

path or ascending 8000 or 10,000 feet above the sea-level, that we naturally expected to find the *one* mountain of the Harz, with sometimes 100 visitors arriving in a day at this time of the year, and with a carriage-road to the summit, at least comfortably provided. This, however, is a small matter, and will soon be altered; suffice it that we are all sheltered from the pitiless storm outside, and are kept alive until the morning.

To the Brocken throng the small wits of Hamburg and Bremen, who carve their names on every available rock and tree on the route, and write verses and make sketches in the visitor's book at the inn. Of the latter practices we will not speak critically, for Hans Andersen speaks of it as a book in which 'genius has shown itself in many ways,' and says that he contributed to it himself.

What can we say to travellers immortalising themselves on pine-trees and wayside seats, when

that most charming of poets says, with curious *naïveté*, 'Here we inscribed our names with our pocket-knives;' unconsciously setting a fashion on the mountains which has reached to cities and tombs.

The day breaks and the sun rises over the plains of Europe, whilst we sixty travellers are enveloped in mist. There is a view at sunrise here once in a summer. which those who have not slept on the Rigi or Mount Pilate in Switzerland describe as surpassingly beautiful. It is a relief to descend again into the region of sunshine, to walk across green pastures, and in moss-covered woods; to rest by picturesque waterfalls, and hear the thunder of the stream, swollen by the clouds that we have left behind us. It is a beautiful romantic walk by the footpaths down to Wernigerode; we meet hardly any travellers but the charcoal-burners and woodmen for the first two hours, when

the path by the stream, winding out between the granite rocks, crosses a rough wooden bridge, and we come suddenly upon a noisy little café and a bazaar for the sale of photographs, crystals, and the like. There are about twenty Germans reposing after the labours of the climb to this spot from Wernigerode (they have left their carriages a few feet below), and various restoratives are being applied by the host in the kitchen of his wooden café.

From hence through Hasserode to Wernigerode we meet more holiday groups than we have done on our travels.

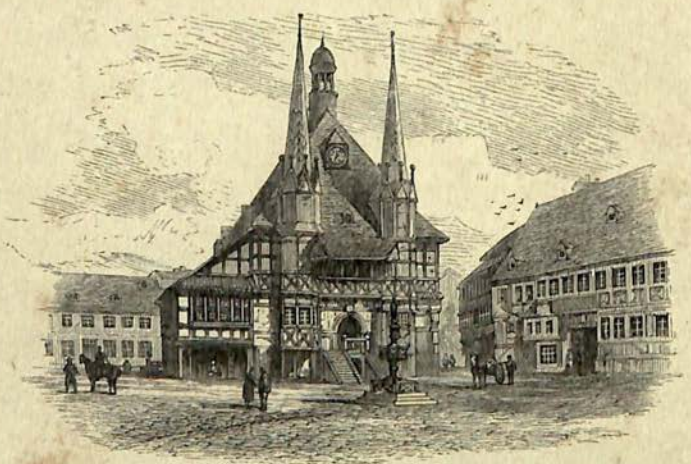
CHAPTER V.

WERNIGERODE—RUBELAND—BLANKENBURG.

IT is a sudden change to civilization to approach Wernigerode from the mountains. On descending from the Brocken we are scarcely prepared for a macadamised road a mile long, lined with modern villas and pleasure-gardens, and to see fine carriages and horses, and people driving about in the fashions of Berlin. But changes are being made rapidly at Wernigerode: the castle and beautiful park with its woods that skirt the northern slopes of the mountains, remain, but the property is passing into Prussian hands, and the

old town itself, which was modernised after the fire in 1844, will soon lose its antique character. It is a spot much too delightful and healthy as a residence, and altogether too valuable, in the vicinity of such beautiful scenery, to escape this fate; and no one but the antiquary or the artist need regret it, for with railway communication and good roads and walks, it is one of the best situations for a residence during summer. There are a few fine old timber houses left, and the Rathhaus that we have sketched on the market-place, in the front of our hotel windows, is both picturesque and curious. A sketch here on market-mornings, with the variety of figures and colours, the piles of fruit, and the various wares strewn about, the rudely constructed market-wagons, the old women with their dog-carts, the pedlars with handkerchiefs and trinkets for sale, form a bright foreground to the Rathhaus, which is

older and more 'tumble down' and timestained than our engraver will permit us to depict it in the illustration.



THE RATHHAUS, WERNIGERODE.

Wernigerode is a city of pleasure and ease, where we can wander about at leisure, or sit under the shade of beech-trees to enjoy the cool summer air; or climb to the heights of the castle, trace its old walls and battlements, or recall

for a moment the days of former Counts of Stolberg; or explore the narrow, irregular streets of the old town, with a history and an interest attaching to nearly every one of them.

The fine broad road by which we leave the town on our way to Elbingerode, is lined with people promenading on this fine summer afternoon; there are girls' schools, loungers and ennuyées, fashionable equestrians, and numerous handsome carriages, but none of the walking parties that we see elsewhere in the neighbourhood of mountains, very few knapsacks or dusty pedestrians.

Past Elbingerode, 'large, naked and bleak-looking,' with its hard-working and dingy population; through the valleys where the smoke hangs over us, and the fumes from the mines seem to blight the land; through dreary valleys with strange forms of rocks on either side, we come

in about three hours to the village of Rübeland, deep in the gorge through which runs the river Bode. Here, as at Elbingerode, there is no thought of natural beauty, and the valley is picturesque in spite of its inhabitants. The general aspect is of work, smoke, and the grinding of machinery; and the people, from their appearance, might have come from Staffordshire in England. On a fine summer's day there are numerous visitors, who come to see the celebrated stalactite caverns, and give Rübeland for the time a holiday aspect. In front of the inn (the 'Goldener Löwe') there are numerous carriages and guides to conduct visitors to the caverns; in short, Rübeland is turned into a show place during three months in the year.

Every traveller who drives through this sombre valley is stopped at the door of the inn, and a waiter, in the full dress of civilization, is ready to receive him; his thoughts are turned at once

from the romantic aspect of the valley, from the spots immortalised by Goethe and Schiller, to the most prosaic associations; and it is well to abandon himself at once to the situation, for in Rübeland there is no escape. 'To dine, and see the caverns lighted by Bengal lights,' is the programme for all.

These stalactite caverns, which extend for long distances under the limestone rocks at Rübeland, assume the most fantastic shapes, and when lighted up are a wonderful sight. The principal caves shewn to visitors are the *Baumannshöhle* and the *Bielshöhle;* the former a natural cavern,

discovered more than 200 years ago. It is now entered by an opening cut in the rocks, 144 feet above the village, through which visitors descend by spiral staircases and ladders. The descent is easy enough under the charge of guides, and is worth a visit by any one who has not seen stalactite formations. He will be shewn some extraordinary chambers, with subterranean passages leading for miles in different directions, and will have pointed out to him the 'Praying nun,' the 'Lion' and other stalactite forms, and a brass band will play to him underground to awaken the echoes. The finest stalactites have long been removed from Rübeland, and it is only here and there that we get a glimpse of those wonderful colours which have inspired so many German poets, and perhaps also the delightful author of '*Veillées du Château*,' and the pencil of William Beverley. We mention the latter, because the sad and sombre aspect

of Rübeland, has had latterly quite a theatrical reputation, and is chiefly suggestive to the traveller of penny peep-shows.

Passing up the valley of the Bode, leaving the black iron-foundries and ochre-mines, we soon arrive at a bleak, flat table-land, where the air is keen and fresh, and, in about two hours after leaving Rübeland, turn off suddenly from the high road to a spot where a view bursts upon us as unexpected as it is beautiful. We are at the Ziegenkop, on the heights above Blankenburg, a promontory 1360 feet above the plains, with an uninterrupted view looking northward and eastward, which may be fairly called 'one of the noblest in the Harz.'

The plateau of mountains on which we have been travelling here ends abruptly; it is the end of the upper world, but the plains seem illimitable. It is about an hour before sunset when we arrive at the spot which we have

indicated in outline below; the air is still and the sky is clear, with a few little clouds over the plain and on the hills behind us, obscuring the sun's brightest rays. There is nothing between us and our homes at Berlin, nothing but a little floating vapour to impede the view, which is almost too extensive to sketch or to describe adequately in any words."

Let us watch it quietly for a few minutes, for there is a rustle in the trees below, and a fresh breeze is passing across our promontory. It is over in five minutes, but it has changed the picture. The setting sun has pierced the veil, and a map of Northern Germany seems unrolled before us; the little cities coming into view one by one, as the slanting rays strike their church-towers and castle-walls. First we see Halberstadt, with its noble spires, then Magdeburg, then another city and another, until the eye becomes dim, and that hazy distant speck, which we

make out with a telescope, is indeed Berlin. The scene changes every moment: little white clouds now float across the plains, while cities disappear and reappear, as in a dissolving view; but the clouds drift southwards as the sun goes down, and fold themselves to rest between the mountains on our right hand, leaving the sky a cloudless blue,—blue above our heads, but turning by delicate gradations into a veil of smooth pearly grey, which gathers on the horizon in purple folds. There is one gleam of sunset through the valley below us, which lingers on the grey walls of the castle in the foreground, glancing from them to the sandstone rocks in the middle distance, and lighting up the spires of Halberstadt, miles away, which shine like gold against the grey.

The more immediate foreground of this wonderful view, and the features that give character and interest to it, may be gathered from the

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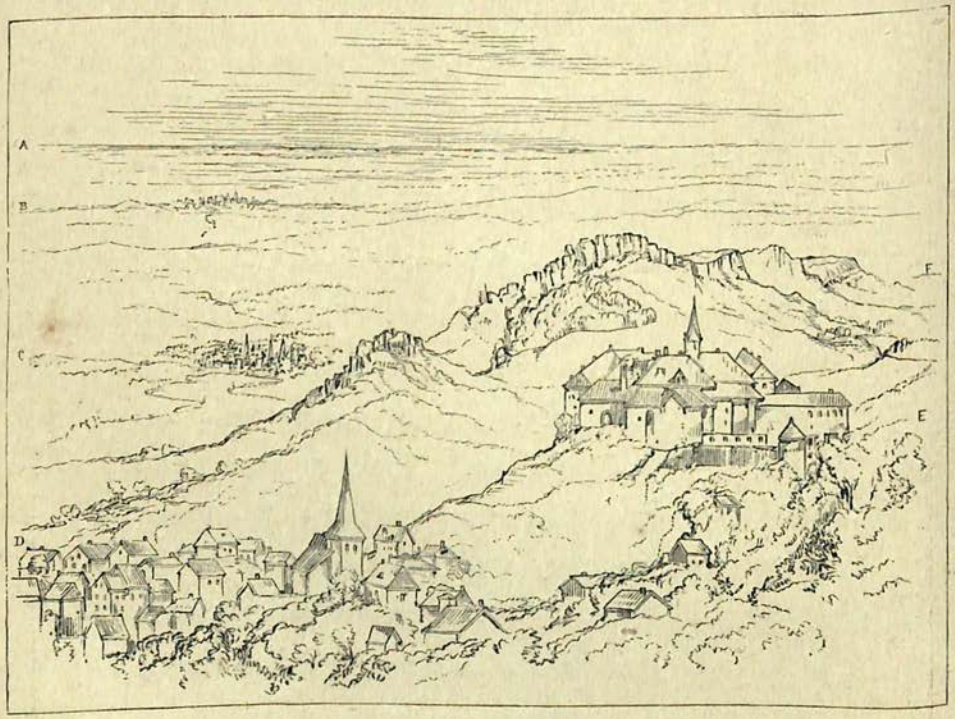
accompanying outline. We have been so



OUTLINE VIEW ABOVE BLANKENBURG.

A. Horizon line. B. Halberstadt. C. Madgeburg. D. Part of Blankenburg.
E. The Castle. F. The limestone rocks.

occupied with colour and variety of atmospheric effect, that we had almost overlooked the charm-

ing composition and suggestive lines in the landscape below. There is the castle, or schloss, the town of Blankenburg at our feet, the strange wall of rocks, with their goblin histories, which crest the hills in the middle distance, the curves of the valleys, the smooth pastures, the undulating woods, and the roads winding away across the plains. Its central point of interest is the church spire, with its cluster of houses spreading upwards in graceful curves, like some delicate creeper, to the protecting walls of the castle, with its massive walls and terraces, fringed with trees. There is the most exquisite variety of forms in their curves and windings which are worthy of study, if only as suggestive of the feudal times, when the feeling of support and protection from the castle was a natural expression of the people of Blankenburg, and not, as now, only a picturesque effect.

But modern Blankenburg, which is lighting its gas far down the valley, on our left hand, is spreading out without thoughts of castles or of ancient feudalism; the railway that is making, and the modern administration, have changed all that. The little houses still cluster here like old memories, and cling to traditional sites. Many of them are dilapidated and scarcely habitable; the narrow streets are rough and neglected looking, and, we should add, badly drained, and the castle to which they cling has seen strange changes. Since the days when the young Empress Maria Theresa used to walk by moonlight on its terraces, it has been turned into a summer-house for the Princes of Hanover, who furnished and filled it after their own peculiar tastes. There are men-in-armour (without the men) that still stand in the entrance-hall, and there is a royal ghost that haunts the chambers of the castle; but the rooms are now filled with

trumpery ornaments, there are large-patterned carpets on the oak floors; the walls are covered with hideous papers, on which are hung a few pictures of historic interest; but the *rococo* taste displayed is pointed at by the inhabitants as 'English,' and we must not be too critical. There are some interesting old water-colour drawings, a number of inferior sporting prints and portraits of favourite *danseuses*, and some paintings in the private chambers which even the old women of Blankenburg turn away from with a blush.

Whilst we write, the Palace of the House of Hanover has disappeared in the darkness, and Prussian Blankenburg is gay and lighted up. Let us descend to the town and take refuge under the sign of the 'Weisser Adler,' which supersedes the older inn, the 'Krone.' The streets of Blankenburg in front of the inn are as rough and ill-paved as any artist could desire, and the noise of wheels echoes through the rooms. Here, as in

other German towns, the traffic seems to go on day and night. The streets and buildings are nearly all picturesque; there is variety of colour in the exterior of every house in our street, and the outline is varied in every gable. The perspective down the steep streets near the old market-place, which is almost under the walls of the castle, is full of variety and colour, and the figures of the market-women have a more picturesque aspect than in any other town in the Harz.

Let us note some of the few remnants of local costume which we may see at Blankenburg on market-days. Here is an old woman in a short, dark, stuff gown, with a broad band of purple velvet round the bottom of the skirt, a figured or brocaded purple silk apron, a very tall headdress, composed apparently of about eight yards of black ribbon, pinned round the head and under the chin with a bow at the back

of the head, and streamers of the same material reaching almost to the ground. She has a bright sunburnt face, well relieved by the dark bandages; she carries a small bundle tied in a yellow silk handkerchief, and a bright green basket on one arm; she has good stout shoes and worsted stockings, and appears, altogether, comfortable and well-to-do. She has made her purchases in the market, and is now making slow headway up the street, against the stream of people, like a laden Dutch hoy with coloured sails beating slowly up the Thames.

These old women, some of whom wear embroidered cloaks several generations old, are the quaintest figures to be seen. There is one in our street view of Goslar. They sit about in the market-place with their bald heads, on the back of which, on Sundays and Fests, some ribbons are always pinned mysteriously. They sell household pottery, wooden tubs, baskets, and the like,

which they strew half across the roadway, regardless of the traffic of clumsy diligences and the long sloping market wagons, with clumsy horses with arched necks and cropped manes; the drivers standing up in the front shouting and extending their arms like the figures in the chariots on a Roman frieze.

Blankenburg, as we said, is old-fashioned and 'homely,' and we are introduced at the *table-*

d'hôte at the hotel to some characteristics of the country. Opposite to us, for instance, is seated a General in the Prussian army, whose appearance

on parade is imposing enough, and whose information and tone of conversation on acquaintance are rather belied by his attitude and appearance when preparing for a charge on the 'Mittagsessen,' the event of the day in time of peace. Of the habits of cultivated gentlemen and ladies at table in Germany it is scarcely fair to judge from hotel experience; but it happens to us sometimes on our travels in the Harz to be thrust into the middle of a family party from Berlin or some large town, who are evidently at their ease, and who, it is fair to presume, have not contracted their present habits since they left their homes. Thus they have not begun to-day for the first time to devour greedily everything within reach, to scoop up the viands with their knives, to pile up a mountain of food on their plates, or to use their table-napkins indifferently as a shirt-front, a towel, or pocket-handkerchief. They do not, we presume, smoke as a rule before

ladies have left the table, or send rain upon the floor of the *salle à manger*. If these are the customs of the country, we have an opportunity of studying them to-day at the table of the 'Weisser Adler,' where the host shews us with pride the list of strangers who are now enjoying his hospitality.

CHAPTER VI.

THALE TO CLAUSTHAL.

THALE is neither a town nor a village; it is a place which it is almost impossible to describe satisfactorily, and about which no two people are agreed. The guide-books speak of it as the terminus of the Halberstadt Railway, and indeed it is little more. The railway passes the actual village of Thale without stopping, its terminus being a mile higher, at the head of the valley, close to a large modern hotel, standing in its own grounds. There are promenades laid out, avenues of little trees, and a few summer-houses

springing up in the modern Thale, and there is an aspect of town comfort and convenience, including carriages of the last Berlin pattern, which take the traveller by surprise—an air of civilisation quite inconsistent with its immediate surroundings of smelting-works on one side, and bold rock scenery and dreary-looking moraine on the other. The mountains which close it in are beautifully wooded, and preserved as usual, but Thale itself is little more than what is stated in Baedeker (*Hotel Zehnfund. Rail. Restaur.*). Some say it is close, others that it is airy; some call it dreary, others delightful. What is the truth? and why, in short, do people come here in such numbers that an hotel like the 'Beau Rivage' in Switzerland, with 200 beds, cannot accommodate them? They come because it is convenient, and the hotel has a good reputation; they come to drink the waters, and because it is in the neighbourhood of beautiful scenery.

Thus are collected together many different nationalities and tastes, and a little extempore town is formed, which is amusing to see.

It makes a great difference how Thale is approached. If coming from Blankenburg by the road, the traveller passes a dull, uninteresting landscape for the last few miles; and on crossing a bridge over the Bode, and threading the dingy streets of a mining-village, he will see before him a dark valley, hemmed in closely by rocks, with clouds of smoke issuing from tall chimneys. The roads are black and dusty, and the people he passes look hard-worked and begrimed, and it is not until he reaches the hotel door that he seems to breathe freely again. The pedestrian, on the other hand, who descends upon Thale through the beautiful woods on the north-western side of the valley, or who has seen it from the heights immediately above, will be charmed with its picturesque situation in a green

valley, surrounded by some of the finest scenery in North Germany; but the air when there is no wind will feel close and confined after the Upper Harz, and he will soon prefer to be above the clouds that hang over Thale like a curtain.

The resident at Berlin, weary at last of its flat drives, its blue sky and burning sun—whose round of pleasures has been almost unbearable in June, who longs for a little shade and rest and for a few drops of welcome rain—looks upon Thale as one of the loveliest spots on earth: a spot where the charms of the country are attained without forfeiting all the comforts and decencies of civilisation. The transition is easy, and is accomplished without any trouble or forethought. A telegram to the landlord of the 'Zehnpfund' to secure rooms looking *southward*, out of sight and hearing of the town, the railway, and the smelting-works; five hours by express train to the very door, and the magician

waves his wand—exit the noise and atmosphere of a city—enter peace, and the sweet breath of pines!

Summer residents in the Harz, who come from the pretty villages of Grund and the neighbourhood, have not always been pleased with the accommodation at this inn. One writer speaks of it as a 'frightfully large, new hotel, a sort of town by itself, where some hundreds of the inhabitants of different cities are gathered together in the country to lead a far more artificial life than they do in a town, at an enormous cost and with little comfort.' This was written as long ago as 1864: we will give, in a few words, our own experience in 1872. We found the 'Zehnpfund' a good, well-ordered inn, of the Berlin or Vienna pattern, dearer than others in the Harz, but not dear for the comforts with which it was provided; it being a relief, for once in our tour, to have good beds,

clean, quiet rooms, wholesome food, and to be in an orderly household; but many travellers may prefer the simpler accommodation of an inn about a mile higher up the valley, where the beauties of the scenery can be more peaceably enjoyed.

Let us now leave the 'Ten Pounds' inn to the invalids, of whom there are many who come for the medicinal baths, and ascend the mountain on the opposite side of the Bode, through a wood, to the famous rock called the Rosstrappe,—an almost perpendicular ridge of granite, standing out like a wall, which hems in the entrance of the valley. There is a path to the most projecting point, which commands a view up and down the valley of the Bode, with its grey rocks and trees overhanging precipices, its waterfalls and its dark recesses; and beyond, towards Treseburg, mountains rising one behind the other, covered with foliage. The Rosstrappe

GUIDE IN THE HARZ.

is scarcely 1400 feet above the sea-level, but its shape, like a narrow wedge, and its isolated position, with sides descending almost perpendicularly beneath us, render it one of the most striking sights in the Harz. The romantic legend of a princess having leaped across this valley is learned by heart by every visitor, and the proof of the feat is shown in the marks of a gigantic horse's hoofs on the rock! We will not attempt to describe the grandeur of the view from the Rosstrappe, because immediately opposite to us is another eminence projecting into the valley, from which it is even more remarkable. The valley is crossed by a rather precipitous descent of 800 feet, and by an ascent on the other side by a staircase cut in the rock with 1100 steps, to reach the 'Hexen-Tanzplatz'—the platform of rock from which our drawing is taken—another of the show-places of the Harz, the local habitation of those innumerable legends

and mysteries of which the traveller will soon begin to tire in this region.

The immediate foreground of the view is, of course, an inn, where an artist might well take up his summer quarters; and in little nooks and natural recesses of the rock he will, if a figure painter, find many subjects for his pencil, especially the groups of thirsty natives sitting

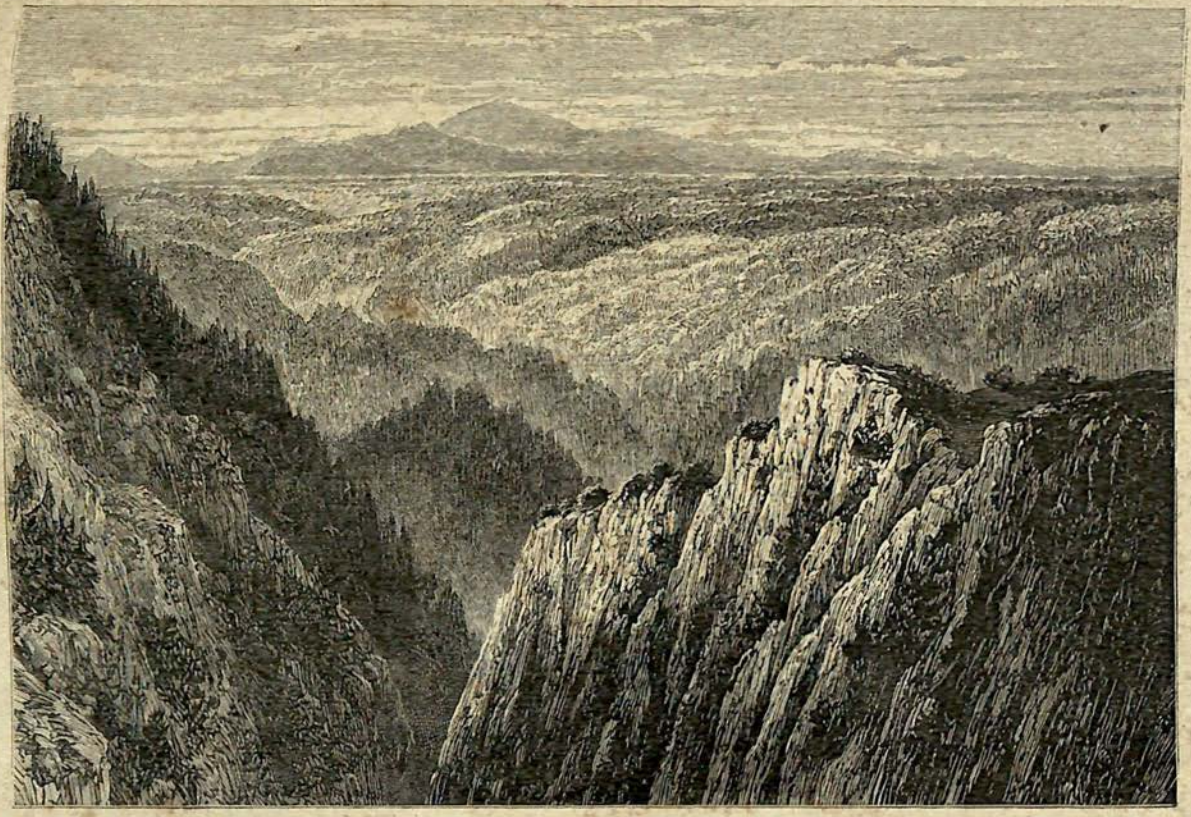
with their backs to the view that they have come many miles to see. He will be continually disturbed in the middle of the day by a holiday crowd, and by much singing, shouting, and the

firing of guns, to raise the echoes; but the sunset over the valley of the Bode in the evening light, when the clink of glasses is over, and the holiday makers have gone down the hill, is a sight and a sensation never to be forgotten.

There is a romance about the name and associations of the Harz that we all feel instinctively at a distance; but it is only when we come into districts like these that we realise the poetical aspect of the Harz Mountains, and understand their being the chosen seat of the goblin literature of North Germany. We have seen, during the last few days, some forms of rocks more wild and grotesque than anything in Doré's dreams; and here before us this evening—across a dark chasm so deep and distant in its recesses that trees and woods look like little clumps of moss set in the hollows of a stone—there is spread before us a view so extensive and varied in out-

line that neither pencil nor pen could accurately depict its beauties.

Immediately before us there is an amphitheatre of mountains, clothed as richly with trees as the preserves of a private park; and stretching away beyond there rises wave after wave of foliage glowing in the evening sunlight, and a further horizon of golden mist, through which we see the Brocken, exaggerated in height and apparent distance by the mist (as its grandeur is exaggerated in story) and by the clouds that ever surround it. Stand still on the rocks just behind the inn, and watch the transformations as the sun goes down; see its slanting rays lighting up the highest rocks near the Rosstrappe, the bright gleams that cross the valley hiding the intervening mountains, and leaving the Brocken soaring, as it were, in mid-air. Wait a few moments more, and the Brocken disappears in a cloud of rain, whilst the tips of



THE BROCKEN FROM THE HEXEN-TANZPLATZ.

"This view is not only picturesque, but it is instructive to the student of nature. We see here the abrupt commencement of the mountain mass of the Harz which swells out westwards towards the more lofty but less picturesque form of the Brocken."—PROF. ANSTED.

the beech and fir-trees are still tinged with gold, and the valley beneath us is in deep gloom. Turn from this dark abyss—over which the rocks stretch out their fantastic arms—to the broad plain on our right hand, where cities and villages, far away down the valley of the Bode, are in full light of day, and the heavy rain-clouds that will settle upon Thale presently are casting shadows for miles across the distant fields. Watch the glowworm lights of a town at our feet, three hundred feet below; hear the bells of the goats, the 'Jodel' of the herdsmen, the rush of water, and the distant thunder echoing near the Brocken.

See this view at sunrise and sunset, and in its various aspects of sunshine and storm, before reading what Ruskin says of the Harz Mountains in 'Ethics of the Dust:'—'I have done myself much harm already,' he says, 'by seeing the monotonous and heavy form of the Brocken;

but whether the mountains be picturesque or not, the tricks which the goblins teach the crystals in them are incomparably pretty.' We can wish for nothing better for the credit of the landscape of the Harz than that Mr. Ruskin should see this view, and the one from Blankenberg, of which we have already spoken.

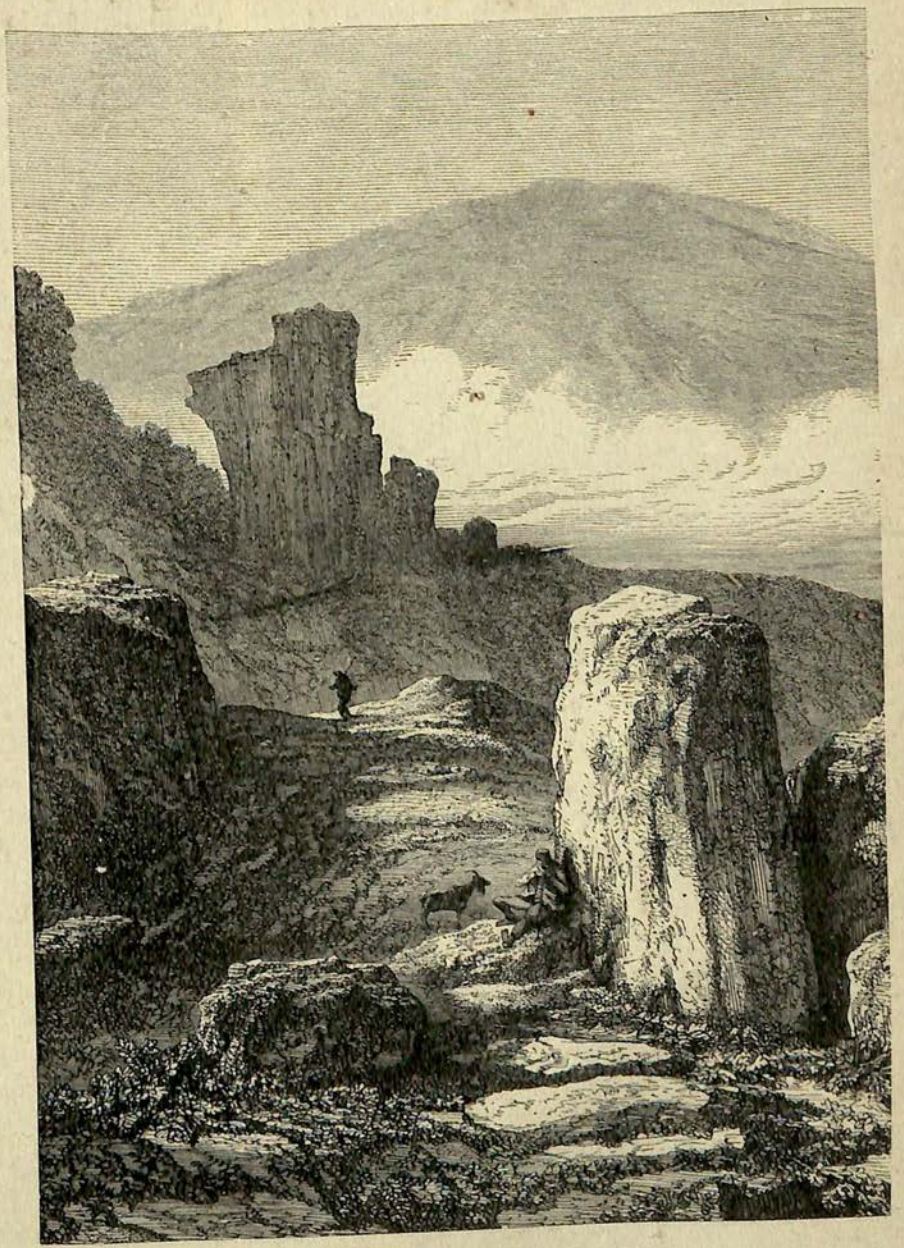
At Thale the tourist, who is merely passing through this district, may leave the mountains, with the knowledge that it is in the neighbourhood of the Bodethal that its beauties culminate; unless indeed he is going southward, when it will be well to drive through Gernrode to Ballenstedt, where there is another railway station. The pedestrian who is making a complete tour, or who is wishing to work his way westward, may here be glad of a few notes made by one of our party on his way between Thale and Clausthal on foot. In the absence of any information in guide-books, it may serve as a page out of a

much desired 'Practical Harz Guide,'—a book yet to be written.

We will leave him as he passes up a road lined with apple-trees and other tempting fruit on the open highway, which, by an inexorable law of the land, he is bound not to touch; a road full of forbidden fruit, that all visitors to Thale will remember:—

'I start at 3·40 P.M. from the Ten Pounds Hotel at Thale, to walk up the valley of the Bode. The broad carriage-road ends at a large hotel, which has pushed itself into the gloomy gorge between the rugged Rosstrappe and the tavern-topped Tanzplatz. Over a wooden bridge, then through a beer garden, and round a rocky corner, and the footpath is followed round the edge of almost perpendicular rock by wooden bridges fenced with iron rails, rising and falling without keeping to the level of the stream. The sides of the valley become narrower and more wooded

as Treseburg is approached; the way is now through close woods of beech, birch, and oak, and the stream can be heard but not seen, until within a short distance of the village, when the valley widens. Treseburg is reached at 5·40 P.M., a prettily-situated village by the waterside; homely inn, with damp beds. Leaving Treseburg at 9·50 A.M., over a bridge on the right bank of the Bode, over a hill leaving the stream for a while; then through a wicket, and over pastures to Altenbrack at 10·50. Leaving stream on left, ascend steep stony path, and reach highroad again. Arrive at Wendefurth at 11·50. After twenty minutes' rest at the farmhouse inn of Wendefurth, pass by left bank of stream, and wooden foot-bridge over a mill-brook, up forest path, to the summit of the hill, where Huttenrode church appears in the distance; and soon a fine view on every side, of the Brocken, Winterberg, and adjacent hills. Soon, by a quick descent by the valley of the Bode, the smoky valley of Rübeland is reached at 2·30 P.M.; and so on by the post-road for another hour to Elbingerode, where a halt is made for the night at the 'Blauer Engel,' a tolerable inn. Women of burden and foresters are the only wayfarers met with. The route hence south-west, along a good road over high open land with fine views, to the ironworks of Rothehütte in an hour. Thence up a hill for half-an-hour, and through dense fir-woods; down long, pleasant glades by the Spiel-bach. Through silent woods of two or three miles; then out upon the high road again; and in another hour the little wooden church of Braunlage appears. Rest at the 'Brauner



VIEW NEAR THE BROCKEN.

Hirsch,' where good eggs and milk are to be obtained; then along a post-road over hills, which command a vast extent of country; past the *Oderteich* (one of the artificial lakes that abound hereabouts). Looking back, we see some two or three houses called Oderbrück, and over them the familiar form of the Brocken; and soon, leaving the highroad to St. Andreasberg on the left hand, the red cross of Clausthal appears in the far distance. The road descends by easy stages through a district full of small meres or reservoirs, and leads the traveller, in about two hours, into the wide, clean, empty streets of Clausthal.'

There is great variety in this walk, and the geologist or the botanist will be especially rewarded. The extraordinary forms of some of the masses of rock; the precipitous sides of the valleys, with trees growing on their walls, apparently without soil, one above the other; the park-like aspect of some of the breaks in the pine-

forests; the variety of trees,—beech, oak, birch, sycamore, and chestnut, with beautiful varieties of ivy on their stems; the density of the growth in places where, if the path is missed, it is often necessary (but illegal) to cut through with a hatchet; the sudden and unexpected views that are obtained; the mosses and wild flowers that abound and have never been thoroughly collected, are attractions to the pedestrian, who may wander for a week without meeting a fellow-traveller, and find plenty of occupation with a sketch-book or a geological hammer.

CHAPTER VII.

CLAUSTHAL.

AT Clausthal we are in a district where the whole business and interest of the population is underground. There are bright green fields, beautiful pastures, old-timbered houses in gardens full of flowers, with their red-tiled roofs, and creepers twining round them. There is sweet air from the mountains and such freshness in Nature overhead, that the aspect of the human population filing down the paths in a long, black procession, like some accursed race, throws a gloom over the landscape this morning which it is difficult to shake off. Bleak, barren,

and gloomy, 'a city of perpetual rain, built on an elevation where corn ceases to ripen, where storms make havoc, and where there is no protection from the winds,—a long, straggling wooden town, built on the top and slopes of a hill, the houses roofed and their sides covered with slate for protection,'—a town with 'a desolate look about it,' which no one should visit excepting on some serious errand. This is the almost universal description of it, varied a little by accounts of the miner's *fêtes*, of the home life behind these dark timber dwellings, and of the doings of the young students who come from Germany, England, and America, to learn mining practically in the Government schools, and who winter at Clausthal.

But we are looking at the bright side of Clausthal. It is the finest summer morning of the year: the sky is clear; the distant mountains are in full view; and down the long, wide streets

the houses rise and fall in picturesque perspective, until they end in fields of brilliant green. There is plenty of colour and contrast: the red tiles relieve the grey roofs and dark walls; over the doorways and round the houses (some with beautiful carving on their beams) there

are innumerable creepers, and crisp bright mountain flowers decorate the windows and gardens. The streets are nearly empty; and these little weather-beaten wooden houses, sprinkled thickly on the rise and fall of the hills, resemble nothing so much as a fleet of fishing-boats at anchor off the shore. It is like the long ground-swell of a subsiding sea, on which there rides grandly—old, and battered, its paint worn off, its beams strained, its figure-head pointed eastward, and glittering in the morning sun—the 'Ark of

Refuge' of the little fleet that surrounds it, the wooden church of Clausthal. Standing high above the houses in the principal square, the little windows in its wooden sides give it a strange appearance for a church. It was burnt down in 1844, and at once reconstructed with the materials nearest to hand. The design is simple enough; add a spire to a child's 'Noah's ark,' place it in the rain until the bright paint has been washed off, and you have a model of the wooden church of Clausthal.

In the square opposite to the church is the chief object of interest to visitors, the Bergsschule,—the Government School of Mines and the Museum. It is here that several hundred pupils from all parts of the world are gratuitously instructed in mining operations, having in the course of their studies to practise underground —every pupil having to learn the use of miners' tools and *work with the men* for a certain time

in each operation. In the museum there are models of the machinery used in the mines, miniature shafts and galleries;—in short, the whole underground life of the Harz Mountains is here presented to us in the easiest way. There is a very fine collection of minerals, classified carefully, and within easy reach for reference. The models of machinery, of the trucks, and of the different smelting processes, are all movable, and made to scale; so that a morning's study in the museum gives the uninitiated a much clearer idea of the working at Clausthal than a visit to the mines.

Nearly all operations in this district are carried on by water power, every spring and river in the neighbourhood being diverted for that purpose. The great want in these districts is water; and, as we have seen before on our travels, every drop is stored away in ponds or tanks, leaving the river-beds nearly dry. Clausthal, in spite of the energy

of the present Government, which is actively ransacking its treasures, no longer holds a foremost place in mining operations; there are now many other parts of Germany where science has advanced with greater strides and where mining 'pays' better. But, perhaps, nowhere in Germany shall we see the operations of smelting carried on on a larger scale, or on a better plan than about two miles off, on the carriage-road to Grund, where the works are built on a series of steppes on the side of the hill, and every process can be examined by visitors. Here the valley is laid waste, and the fumes from the smelting works are worse than at Rübeland.

It is early on a lovely morning in July that we walk out through the fields with a procession of miners, in their almost black costumes, relieved occasionally by a green cap or sprig of spruce, to see Clausthal underground. We turn our faces eastward, and walk for about two miles

in the opposite direction from the smelting works to the entrance of the 'Dorothea mine.' We are a grim, silent procession, winding down the paths and fields wet with dew; and we meet coming up another procession of pigs, led by a tall, handsome man in a long, blue coat, Tyrolean hat, with a silver-mounted horn slung over his shoulder, and a clean, shining holiday aspect, which contrasts strangely with our party. He welcomes us in the usual miner's words, 'Glück auf'—words that we afterwards see painted over the shaft at the entrances to the mines. We shall greet him again in the evening on the other side of Clausthal: but *he* will have wandered *over* the hills with his flocks of goats, sheep, and pigs that he has summoned with his horn; we shall have burrowed *under* it in long, dark galleries, and perhaps reappear on the other side, in company with our grim attendants.

In order to descend the mines at Clausthal,

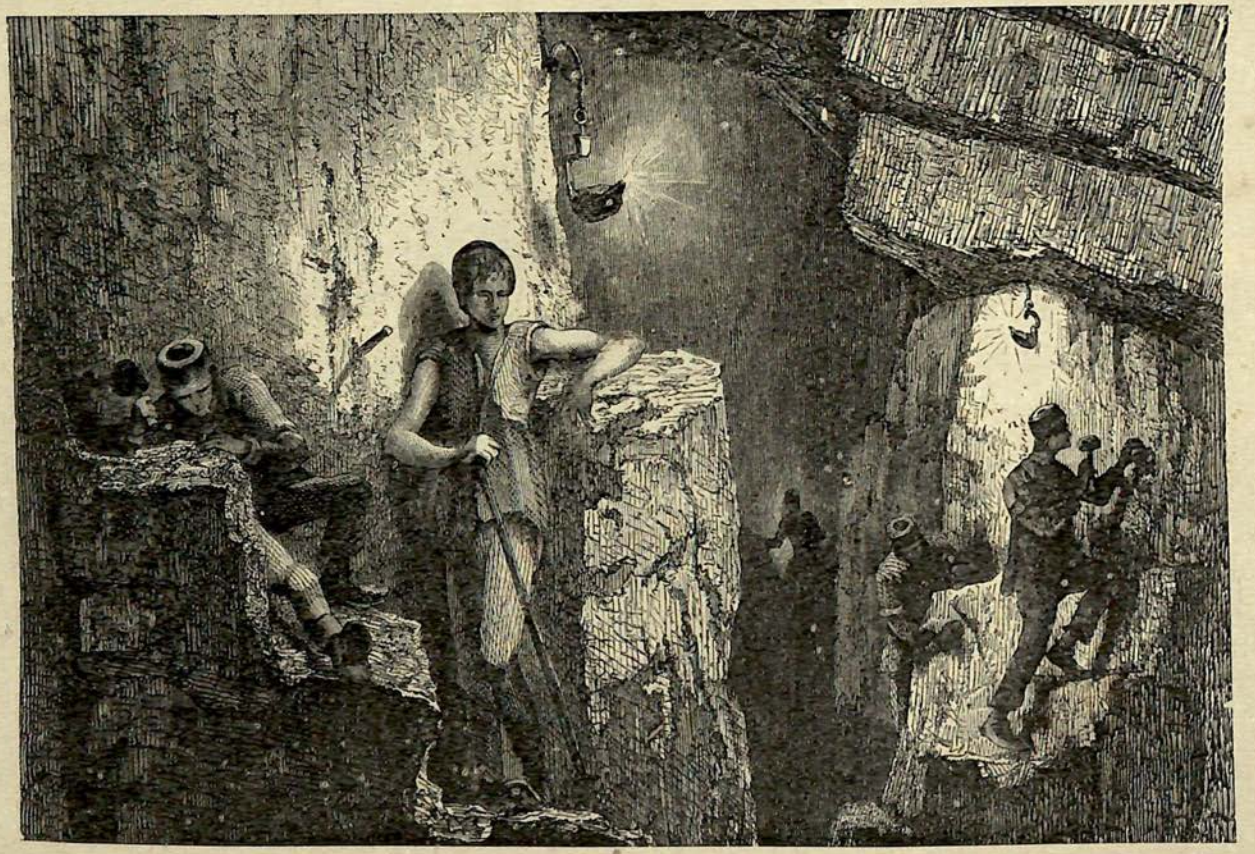
visitors have to divest themselves of the costume of ordinary civilization, and be arrayed in the cast-off suits of the miners, which are left at the entrance of the mine for the purpose. As we approach the mouth of the shaft, where the miners are waiting with lanterns to commence the descent, our party—consisting, it may be stated, of four Englishmen—a professor of geology, a director of mines, an editor, and an artist—present the somewhat undignified aspect in the sketch. This change of costume is necessary, on account of the wet state of the mines, the thick caps being required for protection from the loose pieces of ore and wet earth that fall from time to time in the galleries. This sketch is almost as accurate as a photograph, but fails, if anywhere, in giving the dismal and disreputable appearance of the party, who are distinguishable from the miners by the bad fit of the garments.

With lantern in hand, we commence the

descent by steep ladders for about five hundred feet. The shaft is small, but well ventilated, and at intervals we rest on a wooden platform,

where we can see down dark side-galleries, and hear the miner's 'pick' at work. We pass along narrow galleries, which are in reality water-conduits boarded over, the walls are streaming with

water, and there is scarcely room to creep through. Leading out of these at right angles along darker passages, we find a party of workpeople; men and women, resting in a cavern. They are scarcely visible in the uncertain light; but on the arrival of our party with more lanterns, there is a flashing light here and there overhead from specks of silver ore, and a glitter of human eyes. The figures scarcely move, but they make a curious half-hollow sound, and all mutter the words 'Glück auf,' to the stranger. It means, literally, as we said, 'Well out,' or 'Good luck to you;' but it means also 'backshish,'—the universal cry of the human creature wherever the traveller finds him, whether burrowing two thousand feet below the surface or clambering ten thousand feet above it. Here we also rest, and the conservative members of our party are gratified with the sight of a little chamber about ten feet long, hewn out of the rock, carefully proportioned, and in the centre of



MINERS IN THE HARZ

which is a chair or throne, the sides lined with dried fir. It is a chamber that was visited by one of our Dukes of Cambridge, and in his memory the miners have hewn out of the rough ore a silver throne.

Here and there we come to an opening or clearing where half-savage-looking men, stripped to their waists, are working in every variety of position, sometimes half under water; but the temperature is not cold, and the ventilation, excepting in certain small galleries, is excellent. There is little information of a scientific nature to be gathered in the hurry of these underground wanderings, and to those who have visited mines in other countries we can hardly recommend a visit. It is a fatiguing march of about three hours in dark wet passages, and during the greater part of the time there is nothing to see but the wet heels of a miner, and the glimmer of his lantern overhead. At certain points the visitor

is shown some crystals or some bright specks of ore, which are dislodged and presented to him as a memorial of the visit: at another place he has pointed out to him the enormous timber works which have been constructed to support the shafts and galleries, the pumping apparatus, and the perfect system of ventilation. Lamps are carried about uncovered, and a mass of tow is lighted without risk at one place, and thrown down a shaft to show its enormous depth: the effect of this as the fire floats down, lighting up the sides of an apparently bottomless pit, is worth seeing; but the sudden firing of guns in the narrow galleries to awaken the echoes, startles us to a consciousness that we are, as usual, making a show-place of a mine in which there is much serious work. The population of Clausthal is about ten thousand, and of these there are at least a thousand underground. If we follow the tunnels, we shall come to the smelting-works

already spoken of, where the trucks of loose wet soil are wheeled, and the rubbish, as it appears, is made to yield up its riches. In these processes of crushing, washing, sifting, &c., another thousand people are employed, and in the neighbouring town of Zellerfeld the same works are being carried on.

We have now been nearly three hours underground, and begin to long for sunshine and to breathe the upper air; the cool blasts that are pumped down to us are reviving, for the heat in some of the galleries has been most oppressive. We ascend by the 'man-lift,' which saves the fatigue of the wet, slippery ladders, but requires some nerve if unaccustomed to the process. We approach the edge of the perpendicular shaft, which is dark overhead and apparently fathomless, as its width is from four to six feet, with irregular sides. As the miner approaches the edge with a lantern, we can just see in the centre of the shaft

two beams of timber smooth and round, like a ship's spar; at intervals there is a ledge of wood about eight inches square, fastened to one of the upright poles, and six feet above it an iron ring. At a given signal the miner stretches forward into the middle of the shaft, clasps the ring with one hand, and steps on to the ledge, standing with a lantern in his hand, as in the sketch. At a second signal the beam rises with him, and he disappears in the darkness. The beam stops again, another iron handle and ledge can be discerned, and the second man steps out into the centre of the shaft. He has scarcely done so, when the beam ascends quickly, and he is carried up this dark chimney hanging on by his hands principally, for the ledge for the feet is wet and slippery, and must not be depended upon. When the whole party have been thus raised, one under the other, a signal is given to change from the beam to which you cling, to another on your right hand; you

have scarcely time to change, when the second beam rises with you; and so on, changing and changing, you are gradually raised to the surface.

This elevator, or 'man-lift,' which is also in use in Cornwall in England, and other places, is worked by water power, and is an ingenious substitute for the ordinary rope and bucket. An

enormous crank, working slowly, raises and lowers two continuous beams alternately, and the miners by *clinging to the ascending one* are raised to the surface with comparative ease. There is no danger, excepting from carelessness, but the narrowness of the shaft requiring the body to be perfectly upright, the darkness, and the feeling that the slightest mistake might be fatal, render it a method of ascension which cannot be recommended to nervous persons.

In the course of our underground journey we have made several halts to examine the workings, and of course discuss with the foreman of the mines the probable age and extent of the Dorothea mines, and the comparative value of the veins or lodes of metal, which are to be found in other mines in this district. Our scientific discussions lead us, as they always do in the Harz, into the region of mystery and speculation. A really satisfactory history of the geology of the

Harz has yet to be written. From Sir Roderick Murchison, who reported that the order of formation in the Harz was 'irregular and obscured,' down to the last scientific paper on the subject, the interesting geological phenomena of these mountains (especially of the granite forms we have seen on the surface) have never been exhaustively treated. The silver mines and their workings are of minor interest, and the crystals and the scientific lights we gain from them here underground, are scarcely worth the candles that are burned in our honour. We learn nothing whatever from a visit to the Dorothea mine, but we go through the whole routine; and when the director of the party points out to us a lump of wet earth, and tells us that underneath this dirty exterior there is a certain percentage of silver ore, we listen in silence, but are more attracted, it must be owned, to the outward appearance of the scientist, contrasting in

imagination the dismal figure covered with grime, with the intellectual light that burns within.

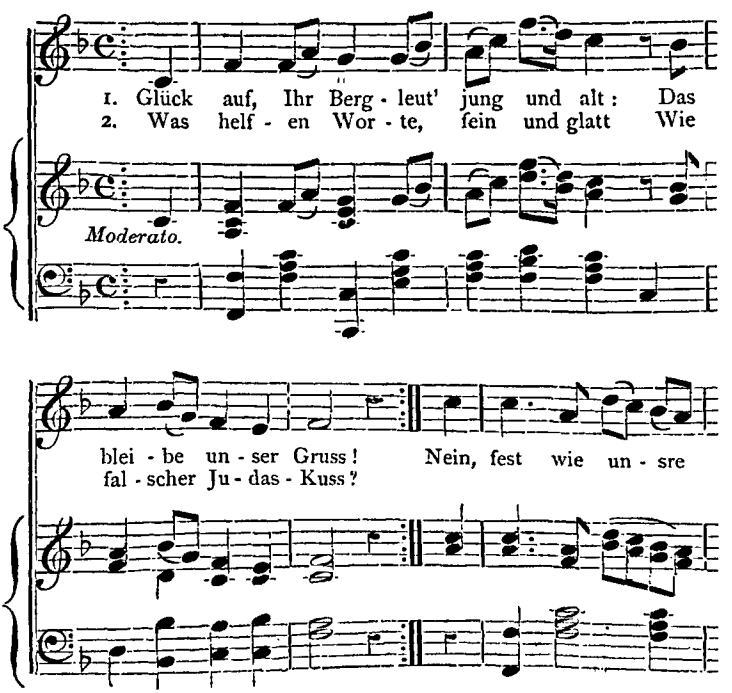
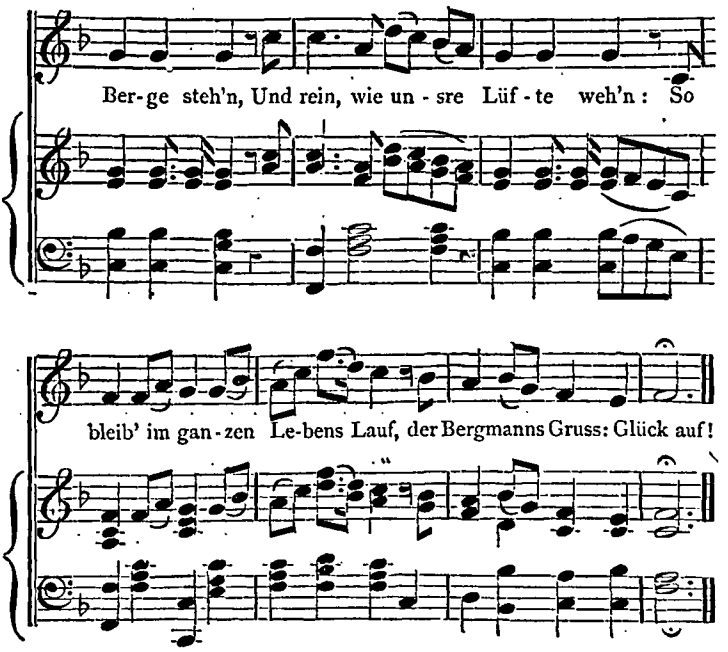
But our philosophers, in spite of their garb, are able to assert their scientific superiority underground, and to prove beyond a doubt that the stories told to visitors of the age of the minerals in these workings is greatly exaggerated. Mr. Ruskin quaintly suggests that there is an aristocracy in minerals as well as in men, and that in the Harz we are in the most select company. 'You may recognise,' he says, 'the high caste and breeding of these crystals wherever you meet them, and know at once that they are Harz-born.'

One of our last days at Clausthal is 'the day

of Sedan;' the whole town is *en fête*, and no one goes underground. Every house is decorated, and the Prussian tricolour is flying on the dark timbers of the houses. From windows full of flowers there are red, white, and black streamers, and the streets are festooned across with flowers and devices, with the word 'Sedan' and gigantic portraits of the King, Bismarck, and Count Moltke. Since daybreak there has been no peace; since the first sound of the herdsman's horn to wake the pigs, there has been perpetual coming and going, accompanied with the firing of guns, and the noisy conversation of new arrivals at the inn. By ten o'clock in the morning the sun is burning down on the coldest town in the Harz, and the people are everywhere; there is an extempore fair, where pictures of defeated Zouaves, and toys representing the late Emperor Napoleon III. on a donkey, are the most popular. There are dancing booths, where

the miners, in the blue blouses which relieve their grimy figures, are dancing lustily with merry partners, or singing in the following strain.

HARZER BERGMANNS-LIED.

THE HARZ MINER'S SONG.

1. Glück auf, Ihr Berg - leut' jung und alt: Das
2. Was helf - en Wor - te, fein und glatt Wie
Moderato.
blei - be un - ser Gruss! Nein, fest wie un - sre
fal - scher Ju - das - Kuss?

So grüss' ich jedes Morgenroth,
Nach nächtlich sanfter Ruh';
So schliess' ich, dankend meinem Gott,
Die müden Augen zu;
So grüsse ich im tiefen Schacht
Getrost die grauenvolle Nacht;
Und steige keck die Fahrt hinauf
Mit fröhlichem Glück auf!

So grüss' ich jede Bruderschaar
Auf dieser Berge Höh'n;
Den Obern mit dem Silberhaar
Und die zur Seit' ihm steh'n;

Das Liebchen, das mein Herz entzückt,
Das Knäblein, das die Welt erblickt:
Selbst bis zum König steigt es auf
Mein biederes Glück auf!

Wenn einst nach langer Pilgerzeit
Auf dieser Erdenbahn,
Mein Arm mit alter Rüstigkeit
Sich nicht mehr regen kann;
Wenn Weib und Kinder trauernd steh'n
Und meinen Athem schwinden seh'n:
Dann schwingt mein Geist sich Himmel auf
Mit freudigem Glück auf!

There is much shouting and rough applause at this last achievement, during which they sit round the tent, looking as happy as children. The girls, with their tanned faces and neatly plaited light hair, are dressed in short stuff gowns; some enlivened with white frills at the neck and waist, or a bright flower in the hair. There is no distinctive costume worth mentioning, whilst some of the young men wear uneasily the black cloth dress of cities. A few old women may be seen, in long dark cloaks, with embroidered capes, stuff gowns, and comfortable-looking worsted stockings, and some old men in their sombre

miner's dress; mothers with children on their backs in a shawl brought round and tied in front; and a sprinkling of the fashion of Clausthal, represented by young ladies dressed from head to foot in white, excepting a little decoration in honour of the day, 'red, white, and black.' But there is hardly a costume in the crowd that is worth describing,—hardly a garment that appears of old workmanship or of any distinctive character. There is a background to the picture —a group of barefooted women from the forests, who have laid aside their loads, and even their knitting, for one day. They are seated under the eaves of the houses, and some are selling bunches of roses and other mountain flowers. Their feet and arms are bare and bronzed; their hair is bleached with exposure to the sun; their ragged skirts scarce reach to their knees; and their sunburnt limbs look lustier than the men's. They are the 'slaves of the Harz,' that we have

met so often, but never making holiday before. Even the dogs have a rest to-day, and the men

who own them smoke faster than ever. The smoking is a wonderful sight,—wonderful to see

the girls leaning on the shoulders of their partners, whirled round and round in a clumsy 'waltz,' their faces touching the bowls of the long pipes which dangle from the mouths of the men. It is a proud day for those who have served in the last campaign. The young miner who has earned a medal or an iron cross is in great force to-day, and walks with pardonable pride into the shooting gallery, where he 'picks off' an eye or an ear of a Napoleon cast in plaster, before an admiring crowd.

In the afternoon, in the evening, and far into the night, Clausthal makes merry. There is feasting, universal hospitality and rejoicing, an illumination at night, every cottage being lighted, even in the neighbouring town of Zellerfeld, which is sprinkled with little lights up to the brow of the hill. Rockets go up from the little gardens, blue lights are burned in the forests with a weird effect, and the moun-

tain air is laden with gunpowder and tobacco smoke. But it is a great day, and a great occasion to enjoy the hospitality of the inhabitants of Clausthal, and to see what charming interiors there are under those dark, weather-beaten roofs; what delightful rooms, with carved furniture, snow-white curtains, old embroideries, shining silver ornaments, and lacework vases and plates made of iron, wrought into the most delicate and beautiful openwork patterns, this last a speciality of the Harz. The massive beams are decorated to-night with festoons of creepers and flowers; the dark floor is as clean and smooth as a dining-room table, and is cleared for a dance; the roof of the principal room is at least twenty feet high, and runs up into one of the gables; at one end there is a gallery, and, leading from it, a little ante-room, where supper is provided, and where beer is as plentiful as the streams on the mountains.

CHAPTER VIII.

GRUND.

ACROSS the bright, fresh fields again, leaving the smelting works far away on the left hand, in the valleys which they desolate, a walk on springy turf across sweet pastures, through park-like little forests and deep glades, between regiments of silent pines over hill and dale for six miles, brings us to the brow of a hill, from which we first see Grund.

In the midst of a series of what we must again call 'mountainettes,' tinted with the most delicate, distant gradations of grey, we see sloping woods and fields, set with bright red-tiled gables and glittering spires, and little paths

leading from them, with processions of goats and cattle coming down, led by toy shepherds (of one of whom the central figure in our illustration at p. 52 is an exact portrait), we hear the tinkle of innumerable bells and the distant mountain-horn. This is our first impression of Grund. Winding down into the irregular streets, where old men and women are seated about, and the cattle that have parted from the droves are gravely walking in at the front doors of their houses, unattended, we stop at the principal inn, in front of the market-place, which occupies a few yards of open level ground in the middle of the town.

The view is limited from the windows on the front; the valley and the curtains of trees above and below shut us in from the outer world, and give, it must be confessed, a rather close feeling to one of the loveliest mountain villages in Europe. We are encompassed by rocks and

streams and trees; and when the clouds come down and shut off our view of the blue sky, we begin to think it can scarcely be as healthy for invalids as is generally supposed. We are comfortably housed at Grund, but even in this retired valley there is no peace to-night. Here, as at Clausthal, the people have been keeping the feast of Sedan; they appear to go to bed at three, and to rise at four. As the last villager goes home to bed, he meets the first cow on its way to pasture; as the last song dies away, we hear the tinkle of bells and the summons of the mountain-horn.

The town has the most pastoral appearance of any in the Harz, although many of the inhabitants are engaged in the neighbouring mines. There is but one good inn ('*Rathskeller*'), which in the summer is crowded with visitors, who come to take the pine-baths for which this valley has an old reputation; but it is altogether

more rustic and simple in appearance than any village of the same importance that we have yet seen. English or American travellers are seldom to be met with at Grund, and the habits of the visitors at the inn are, in all respects, German. The *Rathskeller* is the market-house, town-hall, and centre of all the judicial business of the district, so that at certain seasons the scene from the gallery of the old inn is very animated, and the gatherings of the village magnates round the fire in autumn evenings a sight to be remembered. The inn is a rambling, spacious building, with remnants of the original structure (A.D. 1675) still remaining; it has been greatly enlarged, to accommodate the crowds of travellers who pay it a flying visit. Grund has a great reputation for its scenery, its whey cures, and its baths, and it has also a reputation for rain. The impression of half the visitors to Grund is of a valley filled with vapour,

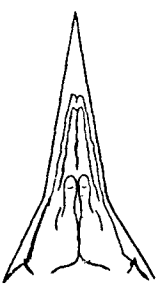
of a damp-looking little inn, with streams pouring from above on all sides; of an interior warm and spacious, with large wood fires in June, and plenty of spiced beer.

Let us endeavour to give them a picture of Grund as we last saw it—a characteristic picture, that we shall not have seen equalled for pastoral beauty in all the Harz. Turning up a steep path through the village on our right hand, on leaving the inn, skirting, in a southerly direction, a wood for a quarter of an hour, and crossing a stream to a little promontory where what the French call an *établissement* for the water-curists is erected, we obtain our best and last view of Grund on a fine summer's evening in 1872, before the railway—which is already making beneath our feet—is completed, and the kitchen of some 'Grand Hotel' sends its smoke up the valley.

In a deep cleft in the mountain-side a stream

descends, winding in and out between overhanging trees, now disappearing in some crevice, now descending almost perpendicularly, now spreading out right and left, but ever following the form and structure of the mountain down which it pours. It is a stream of red-tiled cottages, with dark gables, sheltering atoms of human life,—a mountain village, as bright and glittering as a stream of water winding through green pastures, between grey rocks and waving trees. It is the poetic aspect of Grund which we, who are accustomed to dwell in cities,—whose eyes are blinded to the monstrous ugliness of nearly every new city in the world, whose tastes are warped by the use of every available sham in the construction of dwellings,—may well carry away in memory. Our hearts are touched, we scarce know why, by the natural aspect of these poor villages. We cling to the remembrance of the little, shining houses, winding down the hills,

following the form and graceful lines of a waterfall, knowing, at the same time, that they are scarcely healthy or habitable, and must soon disappear. We cling to the recollection of these old spires and gables reared against the sky suggestively and *at the same angle*, as when a man raises his hands in prayer. Remembering that, as in Eastern countries, where the houses have flat roofs, the habit of devotion is to prostrate the body on the ground, we may see in these pointed gables the symbol of the northern attitude of prayer. If there is not much significance in these things, they are, at least, landmarks for us which a future generation, looking back at the buildings of the present day, may fail to find.



The religion of the people is as simple and undemonstrative as their outward habits of life. A writer who has spent much time at Grund,

and who should speak with more authority than ourselves, says of the people, that there is not much of what is called 'church going' amongst them, and that on Sunday (the only day on which some of the inhabitants ever see the sunshine) 'public worship is packed into the earliest morning hours. They are poor, very poor, but they have not yet learned to make merchandise of their misery.' The same writer adds, 'I never saw country people whom I was more inclined to like than those here. There is a benevolence and honesty in their countenances, a modest dignity in their manners, a degree of intelligence in their conversation, superior to most people in the same station. They are extraordinarily honest; common report gives them this character, but all sorts of small circumstances confirm it.'

The scanty mining population of the Harz is to be seen at its best in such villages as Grund, where the people are not overworked or tempted,

as at Clausthal and larger towns, to work harder and earn more money than is good for them. In Grund—long may it survive in its simplicity—they live and die content; their histories from father to son, for many generations, could be told in a few words. In the Rathskeller round the fire, in the market-place, and at their cottage doors, they sit about in 1873 as their fathers have done for several hundred years, and in the little churchyard hard by, they are laid one by one, with the record of their almost uneventful careers. Judged by the tests applied to an outer world—which some of these old men have never seen—they may have lived rather stupid, slumbrous lives, they may have been heavy-headed and perhaps drank too much beer at their *Berg-Fests;* they may have been conservative from pride and ignorance, and 'religious' because it was easy as well as right.

But we, as spectators, may dwell here on their

negative virtues, and their general aspect as it strikes a stranger. If their lives have been uneventful, and their minds not clear on questions of doctrine or dogma, they have built a town unconsciously more lovely than a painter ever dreamed of, and present to us a rural picture, which is rare in the world of to-day. It is a simple lesson of life, soon to vanish. The people of Grund are honest and simple-hearted; they live in peace, and die in the faith that to them at least is 'promised a blessing and life for evermore.'

CHAPTER IX.

AT BRUNSWICK.

AFTER leaving Grund there is no prettier and more delightful way of quitting the Harz district than through the valley northwards to Lauthenthal, another picturesque mountain village, and then over the hills to Seesen; and there is certainly no pleasanter place of rest on the homeward journey than the ancient city of Brunswick. If the traveller, who has been attracted by the picturesque buildings scattered

over the mountains, takes up his quarters in the old fashioned *Deutsches Haus*, in the centre of the town, he will be surrounded by the most interesting examples of fifteenth-century buildings, and find the inhabitants with many of the old-fashioned characteristics which we have noticed in the Harz.

In Brunswick there is bustle and life in every street, in spite of its old-fashioned character; the buildings are tottering, the great gables lean over, and nearly meet in the narrow streets, the red tiles are moss-covered and time-stained, the pavements are irregular; but the busy inhabitants work on from one generation to another,—the men hammering at the old anvils, working at the old looms, and drinking in the same old breweries; the old women in the market-place selling pottery of an unchanged pattern, and seated at windows, high up in the gables, spinning as their grandmothers did before them.

Royal Brunswick, on which is set unmistakeably the seal of hereditary honour, stands still whilst the world is being improved and modernised around it. It is no longer the residence of the Dukes of Brunswick, it has railway communication, and is occupied by Prussians; but it still retains many of its old laws, municipal rights, and privileges, it has its old halls, churches, and relics, its breweries with their enormous eaves, carved in wood, and their vaults and underground passages, its old ramparts, and shaded walks encircling the city, and, above all, it retains its character for loyalty and bravery, as the headquarters of the renowned Black Brunswickers.

Our mountain tour is ended, and we must not attempt to describe the cities of the plains, but our last recollection shall be of old-fashioned Brunswick. From the windows of the inn, we can see far down the narrow streets, with their irregular outlines; a full moon is shining upon

the gables that it has lighted for the last 500 years, and the town-clock strikes the hour of midnight, as it may have done for ages. Sharp shadows are thrown across the empty streets in fantastic shapes, and the moon's rays glisten upon the irregular panes of the casements, and upon distant silver spires. There is no sound to break the stillness, until from another clock-tower the hour is struck hoarsely close under our windows. It is shattered, old and tottering, with the wear of only eighty years; it tells the hour of midnight also, but uncertainly and unnecessarily,—a picturesque link of the past, which is of little use to anybody, a *human* gable tottering to its fall.

A few words in conclusion. To the general question, so often asked and so seldom answered, 'Are the Harz Mountains really worth coming to for a summer tour?' we must answer, 'No.'

Those who are spending a summer in Europe, and are visiting Brunswick or Hanover, or who pass near the Harz on their way to Berlin or Vienna, may well devote a few days to the principal places indicated in these pages. The extension of railways will in a few years place Goslar on the main line between Cologne and Berlin, and every little watering-place will eventually have its branch line. In three days' *détour* the traveller can take a glimpse of the 'mountainettes,' and even ascend the Brocken. But we are bound to tell him that it is not worth his while, if by so doing he should miss an opportunity of visiting Switzerland, or even the Alps of Southern Germany. An inhabitant of the British Islands would tell him that there is more natural beauty and grandeur in the mountains of Wales, or in the Highlands of Scotland, than in any parts of the Harz; and a German architect will maintain that a visit to Brunswick,

on the north, or Nürnburg on the south, is worth more than all the picturesque architecture that we have indicated. As a playground for the children of North Germany, as a place where fresh mountain air can be most easily obtained, and the delights of wandering in forests exchanged for the atmosphere of cities, with the least trouble and at comparatively moderate cost, there is no place like the Harz Mountains.

It is not a place to recommend English or American travellers to visit, without some special purpose. The artist would do well to come here straight from the nearest seaport, and spend a summer in the neighbourhood of Thale or Rübeland. He would never regret it, because he could work *unmolested*, and bring home a portfolio of drawings of scenes unknown to the greater part of the world. With a knapsack, a little knowledge of German, and a few thalers, he could spend a summer both peacefully and

delightfully; and we may remind him that the Harz is *not* a black country, as is generally supposed—it is really no more desolated or disfigured by mining operations than the green fields of the south of England are affected by the smoke of Staffordshire; and that in the beauty of its forests, the forms of its rocks, in the romantic aspects of its scenery, it is still almost a *terra incognita*. As a land of bogies, tradition, mysteries, smoke, and blue fire, it is familiar to children of all ages and nations, but the romance of the Harz is in books and dreams, and at far off firesides; in a holiday scamper, or in a sketching tour, the legends attaching to the district are felt rather as an intrusion, and disturb the quiet appreciation of its beauties.

It will be gathered from these pages that for the pedestrian there is little to do, and that from the fact of the forests being so valuable, and

being so carefully preserved, there is little chance of being able to cut out new paths. If this could be accomplished by degrees, there would be great additional attraction to the tourist; there are a variety of routes in ascending the Brocken, which if opened out would surprise the inhabitants themselves, who never stray far from the beaten tracks: both they and their animals follow each other everywhere in line, and almost every attempt on the part of an enterprising holiday mountaineer to strike out new paths, ends in failure. Those who spend a summer in the Harz, and who become acquainted with the 'forest-meisters,' may find out fresh paths in the dark forests and get new and unexpected views of its scenery.

The real interest, however, is to the geologist, who has still in this underground world fresh fields to work upon. The geology of the Harz is to this day not understood, and we have yet to

have its chief mysteries explained to us. 'An implicated and complicated theory of this part of the world's chaos,' as a late German work on the Harz has been called, has left the matter much where it stood in 1824, when Sir Roderick Murchison reported of it that 'the greater part of these highlands are occupied by old slaty rocks, pierced by innumerable masses of trap, porphyry, &c., and by two great bosses of granite which break out on the eastern side of the chain (as we saw in the Bodethal), playing a most important part in modifying the structure of all the neighbouring rocks, and producing a distinct order of dislocation. By the combination of these disturbing causes the chain of the Harz has literally been broken into fragments in such a manner as to render it almost impossible to give them any symmetrical arrangement.' This statement alone will serve to remind the geologist who may find

himself in this region what a field of interest is open to him, for matters are by no means satisfactorily settled to this day. Without entering into any geological inquiries, there is one point in our unscientific rambles that we should always bear in mind, because we shall be often misinformed on the subject. The 'monotonous form of the Brocken' being the central point of interest and the prominent feature from the day we arrive at Brunswick until our departure from the Harz, we are apt to attach to it a dignity and importance that is, geologically, scarcely its due; and we shall not carry away a right impression of the geological structure of this chain, unless we remember that the famous Brocken is 'a mere upstart compared with the surrounding irruptive masses which disturbed the bottom of the primæval sea,' that it is an eruptive rock of comparatively modern formation, and that when Professor

Sedgwick first crossed the chain his surprise was indescribable, to find that the granite of the Brocken did not occupy any mineralogical centre.

About the 'creature comforts' for travellers, of the accommodation at hotels, and the cost of living, we have little to add to what has been already said. From a highly civilised point of view there is *no good hotel anywhere*, and wherever an attempt is made at supplying modern conveniences and comforts, the prices are rising to a level with those of towns. The average cost of living at present may be reckoned at 10*s.* 6*d.* a day, and there are many little inns where accommodation can be obtained for less, but in the latter the traveller will have to put up with the simplest accommodation, with rough fare, and very often damp beds. The rain in the Upper Harz is so frequent in summer time that a room with a

southern aspect should always be obtained, if possible.

The table-d'hôtes at the inns in the towns are as amusing and tiresome, as in most watering-places. The principal meal is in the middle of the day, and the principal article of food *kalbsfleisch*, although sheep abound everywhere, and there is game in the woods. It is as well to remember, on these occasions, that Germans nearly all understand English; and that the people who sit daily in front of you without speaking—who regard you with a dead stony stare, and who thrust you on one side if you happen to be in their way—are in reality good and kind of heart, and ready to help or sympathise with a stranger in difficulties. The inns are nearly all noisy at night, and few rooms have outside shutters to them. Water is supplied in the bed-rooms by the pint; a pie-dish is still the national substitute for a washhand-basin, a pocket-handkerchief for

a towel, and a wooden box, generally about four feet long, for a bed. It is as well, as a matter of health and personal comfort, only to make arrangements for staying in the inns in the height of summer, when there is a probability of fine weather. The houses are summer houses, and built principally of wood: in rainy weather the saloons are crowded, and generally noisy and full of smoke. It is useful also to be provided with a little good tea, brandy, &c., which are seldom to be obtained.

Finally, as to the pleasure of a tour, we can only re-echo the feeling of those who have spent a summer in the Harz Mountains, when we say that, however delightful and exhilarating it may be, it is also very pleasant to come away again, and to enjoy the comforts of a town in the homely inns at Brunswick; and we may best conclude with one of Mr. Ruskin's quaint sayings, that 'if you want to see the gracefullest and happiest

caprices of which dust is capable, you must go to the Harz, *not that I ever mean to go there myself*, because I want to retain the romantic feeling about the name!'

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